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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

The THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY *is the official organ of the original Theosophical Society founded in New York by H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and others, in 1875.*

We have no connection whatsoever with any other organization calling itself Theosophical, headed by Mrs. Besant or others, nor with similar bodies, the purposes and methods of which are wholly foreign to our own.

EDITORS, THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

JULY, 1931

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

Madame Blavatsky's Centenary

ON the night between July 30th and 31st, 1831, Madame Blavatsky was born. In the hundred years since then, nations have died and been reborn again; war after war has been fought; revolution has succeeded revolution, political, industrial, intellectual; civilizations have been swept away, and the whole map of the globe has been redrawn. Perhaps it would be difficult to find any hundred year period in which the dominion of Time over all outer things has been more completely demonstrated. Yet in the spiritual history of our race, which is, in the deepest sense, the record of the Theosophical Movement, this age stands out, not for Time's victory, but for its overthrow. To H. P. B. herself, to her indomitable heroism and unswerving fidelity to the Masters whom she served, we owe it that the old cycles have been broken and the Movement carried forward as never before. Time, "the great deluder", triumphing in the outer world, is no longer so "over-masterful" in the inner; and the "small, old Path that leads to the Eternal" is kept open for all who seek to tread it. Because of what one woman made herself, a woman "dead" for forty years, and "born" a hundred years ago,—because of what she was and is, Chêlaship is a present-day possibility and fact in the western world; and in the midst of change, the Changeless dwells among us.

Time and Eternity

We are such creatures of Time that we rarely command sufficient independence even to recognize the slavery that we suffer, or to question the meaning and necessity of the curious conditions that it imposes upon our consciousness. In space we know both rest and motion; but in time we are never still. Each moment passes as it comes to us, is reached only to be left behind. All our

contacts with the world about us are restricted by this rhythm of succession which characterizes all of nature, dominating our senses, our thinking, and, pre-eminently, our experience, so that we encounter and grasp nothing in its wholeness, but only as aspect succeeds aspect, and part is added to part. Such synthesis as we attain is not given in immediate outer perception, but is built up inwardly in memory and feeling. Stranger still, we know that this synthesis can never be more than partial, and that to-morrow may alter the whole complexion of the summary that we form to-day. The mechanism, which has unrolled the scroll of the past, hides the future, though the two are of one piece, and neither can be judged apart from the other. Yet immersed as we are, and have been from birth, in flux and change—in which we share so deeply that our very individuality is ours only as it adapts itself to them, conforming to the law of growth—our deepest craving is for a Reality that abides. Our deepest instinct is the instinct of the Eternal.

Time and Eternity: the two words stand in the sharp contrast of two different orders of life,—the outer life of earth-born man, and the inner life of the spirit to which the soul aspires. It is the contrast between the natural and the supernatural; between that which is becoming, which has a beginning and an end, and which lives and grows and dies through change, and that which, unborn, uncreate, everlasting, is in and of itself changeless, complete and perfect,—"the sorrowless Eternity". As *Being* may include but must transcend *Becoming*, so "with a single portion" of itself the Eternal established Time and the whole universe, yet "remains separate". Eternity is thus far different from the endless continuance of Time, as different as is the life of the spirit from an endless game of golf, or as is the finished perfection of the Praxitelean Hermes from the falling chips struck from a marble block by a tyro's hand. Perhaps perfection would be sterile did it not inspire emulation, and it may well be that Being can only realize itself by giving rise to manifold Becomings, by the Eternal emanating Time; but though Time be the creation of Eternity, Eternity is not Time grown old, nor Time immortalized. It is Time vanquished and annihilated—for the soul which, from within and by means of Time, rises to the plane where Time is not.

The records which the mystics have left us of their first-hand experience of spiritual Reality, are unanimous in emphasizing the sense of timelessness that it imparts. Whether in that contact they themselves had been lifted beyond Time they cannot tell, as St. Paul could not tell "whether in the body or out of the body"; but they know with certainty that what drew and held them, what they gazed upon with awe and adoration, is Whole and Perfect, changeless and timeless, "the same yesterday, to-day and for ever", abiding always; and that in its wholeness and perfection, all change and Time have their meaning and their goal. Reflected from the face of the Eternal, at which they look, the mystics see the realm of Time as from a height which obliterates distinctions. Succession gives way to unity. Past, present and future, merged into one, are equally at hand; and Time, thus immobilized, ceases to be.

The Past

It is too seldom realized that the past remains as much to be created as does the future,—for there is no separating "the three times", past, present and future. We think of the past as finished, fixed, irrevocable, above all, as known. Yet nothing can be known truly save in its relation to the whole of which it is a part; and if the whole be not yet determined, neither can the part be determined, which, to be determined, must stand in a determined relation to a determined whole. That is why faith and repentance make possible the remission of sins. A battle lost may be the tragic end of a nation's life, or the heroic prelude to the realization of its aspirations; and which it is, depends not upon itself but upon what follows it. Each of our present acts, as it moulds the future, equally remoulds the past. There is no shadow that cannot be made the foil for brighter light, no discord that cannot be woven into harmonies which it will deepen; but so, also, there is no good that may not be perverted and betrayed. Fifty-six years of the Theosophical Movement, the gifts from the Great Lodge of Masters, the life and work of H. P. B., of Judge, of all our comrades of the past, now rest in our hands—not as something finished, but as still at hazard, still unknown.

H. P. B.'s Detractors and Her Work

It was to be expected that the centennial of H. P. B.'s birth should have aroused echoes of what she had to face in bringing her message to the western world, and in opposing, almost single handed, the dogmatic materialism and bitter prejudices of her time. From the time she founded the Theosophical Society she was the object of vilification and slander, accused of everything that could hurt her, as a woman, most: of immorality, of deception and fraud, of iconoclasm and atheism, of having sold her soul to the devil, of betraying her country and of being a spy in its service. It did not at all matter how self-contradictory the accusations were, they were none the less believed and repeated; for they arose not from judgment, but from the emotional reactions of minds faced with what they could not understand and confronted by a higher standard of ethics than they were willing to apply to their own lives. H. P. B. was not a comfortable person to have around, if one valued one's self-complacency and ease. Her unconscious bigness revealed the smallness about her for what it was, and wounded vanities instinctively sought to re-establish themselves by belittling and besmirching her. How deeply she suffered from the calumnies heaped upon her is shown in her letters, and in the pathetic request, recorded in her will, that those who loved Theosophy and believed that she had tried to serve it, should remember her after her death in the commemoration of White Lotus Day. But suffer as she might and did, no suffering or personal considerations turned her from her path. Unswervingly, heroically, she pursued the mission she had been given to the end. "The gods are nourished by sacrifice". The Theosophical Society has no richer heritage than

the splendour of valour of its founder. She accepted her commission open-eyed, never blinding herself to what it would cost her. Indeed, as we look back to those early days, to the people around her and to what she had to do, it is clear that it would have been impossible for her to blind herself. She could scarcely, for example, close her eyes to the character of mind possessed by her young cousin, who was later made Count Witte. There was no least doubt as to the interpretation which he, being what he was, would put upon her unexplained disappearance from society and her equally unexplained appearances in strange company in out of the way corners of the East, in Egypt and in India. The "Secret Schools" are secret; and so she, being what she was, never explained; and Witte, being what he was, never ceased his evil-minded sneers and slanders. Being what he was, one does not blame him, any more than one blames a toad for spitting its venom; he was notorious for his suspicions of everyone; but what is harder to understand, or if understood to extenuate, is why anyone to-day should wish to write a biography of Madame Blavatsky basing its estimate of her character upon the innuendoes of Count Witte's memoirs and the reckless libels of Dr. Coues—whose publication forty years ago the New York *Sun* retracted with apologies, since the evidence failed wholly to substantiate them. Of all the lives which history presents, why choose this life for months of study, with which to associate one's own name, and for which to ask the attention of the public? Such an author must be profoundly attracted by the very qualities whose unfounded attribution to H. P. B. so wounded her. It is strange that anyone should wish to parade such an attraction; but it is still more strange that they should be so dominated by it as to be wholly blind to the extraordinary intellectual and moral position in which it places them. If H. P. B. was the charlatan they wish to think her, how explain the books she wrote, and the statements they contain of fact and theory for which, during her life, she was ridiculed and attacked, but which the advance of science has now corroborated? H. P. B.'s detractors differ widely among themselves on many points, but they bear one common hall-mark: complete ignorance of her and of her work.

The Perennial Sophomore

Everyone is familiar with the "Old Grad", the college alumnus much in evidence at football games and class reunions, who never has grown up, and never will. He is the traditional and perfect example of the arrested development which some critics believe to be the most typical, and perhaps the least obnoxious, product of our educational system. Having, as an undergraduate, been dragged protesting through the curriculum of some institution of higher learning, until a sufficient number of "points" adhered to him to warrant his dismissal with a degree, his powers of resistance have been so augmented by exercise that for the rest of his life they function quite automatically, successfully rejecting everything which might develop into an intellectual interest or a new idea. From his Junior year on, his bones and arteries may have hardened,

but his head and heart have remained as impermeably soft as a down cushion. He is genuinely pleased when his friends tell him that he has not changed in thirty years; but let us note that he has friends—though they are apt to be drawn from later and later generations as the years advance—and that they like to tell him things that please him. He is generally an honest and not unamiable fellow, and if our colleges produced nothing worse, it might not be so hard to forgive them.

It not infrequently happens, however, that the arresting influences of a college education affect its cleverer students at an even earlier age, and the perennial Sophomore is a much more pernicious person than the perennial Junior, known as the "Old Grad". He is most often found among the college faculty, for the seamy side of the teaching profession is the attraction it has for those who have so crystallized in the Sophomoric conceit of superior wisdom that they are neither able nor willing to abandon it. They *must* instruct; they *must* present their opinions as the final truth upon any and all subjects. Nothing is sacred to them. They suffer a neurotic compulsion that they cannot control to drag out and attack one's most cherished prejudices, and to contrast the lofty clarity of their own vision with the abysmal darkness and superstitious ignorance of those around them. To their friends, if they have friends, they are as Job's comforters.

We are prompted to these observations by an address on "Science and the Supernatural", by Dr. A. J. Carlson, delivered as the William Vaughan Moody Lecture at the University of Chicago, and published in the issue of *Science* for February 27, 1931. It, too, comes as an echo of the past, bringing us again the old blatant note of materialism, pretending to speak as science,—the pretence which H. P. B. exposes again and again, and fought through all her life. Dr. Carlson is Professor of Physiology at the University of Chicago. His principal works, according to *Who's Who in America*, are "Saliva and Saliva Secretion", "Lymph and Lymph Formation", etc., and he leaves us in no doubt of his conviction that such "cogitations disciplined by years of research" enable him to speak with authority, though he grants that what he has to say "has already been said, perhaps better, by other people". He holds that "The relation of the brain to the emotions is nearly as clear as the relation of the kidneys to the secretion of urine or the relation of the gullet to swallowing". He has no faith in the supernatural, and deems it of importance that this should be explained to us. In general he speaks to our blindness more in pity than in anger, but there are times when he wishes us to feel his just indignation and resentment that, despite his expressed disapproval, the world still clings to religious beliefs and ideals.

"Is supernaturalism a thing of yesterday? Have the peoples of the earth ceased to chant every variant of the tune, 'the old religion is good enough for me'? If the orthodox Jew (and that embraces most of the Jews) has dethroned Jehovah, and rejected the Bible, I have not heard of it. . . . The God of the Jews, the Christians and the Mahommedans in 1930 is not a fossil. Enter almost any religious service and you get an earful of ancient and modern super-

naturalism anent the soul, the devil, hell and heaven, sin, redemption, almighty Gods, angels, divine purposes, prayer. Is the supernatural extinct? Take a look on and about this campus, and you will find a very prolific and very recent growth of chapels and churches: edifices I am delighted to note, only in part dedicated to the rituals of the 'God of old'. . . . The world has indeed moved since the days of Galileo, but in some places it has not moved very far. Why, the handful of liberal and informed people who have worked their way out of the cocoon of supernaturalism does not even make a respectable leaven in the college graduate group!"

We should like to believe him in these matters; it would be comforting to believe his indignation warranted by the facts; but, alas, he is not as convincing as we might wish,—even when he asserts that "When I die, I will be a long time dead"; for, unfortunately, reincarnation must be reckoned with. His paper is noteworthy for more reasons than we can pause to point out, and we recommend it to students of Theosophy who, used to more modest utterances, have been tempted to wonder whether H. P. B.'s strictures on the dogmatic bumptiousness of the materialism of her day could have been really deserved. Dr. Carlson, the physiologist, is the only author we know who, writing of the "guesses or stories" in the world's " 'sacred books' or mythology", claims "a fair acquaintance with most of them". We think of the series—to go no further—of Max Müller's *Sacred Books of the East*, and we realize that we cannot contend with such a pundit. We can only answer him in the words of Job: "No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you." But no—Pascal can reply to him as well or better than Job, for none has a better right than he to speak in the name of the scientific method to which Dr. Carlson appeals, and if he has not Job's patience, he has at least the gift of going straight to his point.

"Now how does it advantage us to hear a man say that he has shaken off the yoke, that he does not believe that there is a God who watches over his actions, that he considers himself the sole master of his actions, and the sole person to whom to render his account. Does he think to induce us by this to have confidence in him henceforth, to expect his consolation, his counsel, his succour in all the needs of life? . . . 'Tis a mark of the feeblest wit not to recognize the misfortune of the man who lives without God. Nothing shows a worse disposition than not to desire earnestly the truth of the eternal promises; nothing is more cowardly than to brave it out against God. Let them leave these impieties to those so ill-bred as to be really and truly capable of them. Let a man be at least honourable if he cannot be a Christian. Let him recognize that there are but two kinds of people who can be called reasonable—those who serve God with all their heart because they know Him, and those who seek Him with all their heart because they know Him not. But as for those who live without knowing Him, and without seeking after Him, they judge themselves so little worthy of their own care that they are unworthy of the care of others; and one must have all that Christian charity which they despise, not to despise them even to the abandonment of them in their folly."

FRAGMENTS

MADAME BLAVATSKY

July 31st, 1931

MADAME BLAVATSKY, our lion-hearted pioneer! All honour to her, with our endless reverence and gratitude, as we stand at the salute while the twenty-one guns are roaring.

Where should we be without her, in what wretchedly far-off land of unlikeness, had she not braved poverty, obloquy and pain to bring her message through in unfaltering devotion to her Master's command.

In what darkness should we not have groped along, stumbling and falling in our weakness, lost, perhaps, in some morass of misunderstanding or despair, had she failed in her dangerous mission.

She it was who led the way, fearful always, but undaunted, trampling her sensibilities, her natural shrinkings under foot, and blazing the trail for us to follow through the wilderness of this lower world, pointing always to the Light, and bidding us believe that each true seeker finds.

Well did she know herself to be the target for every poisonous arrow of the Black Lodge, and, instead of avoiding them, she strove to attract them to her, that the Society she founded and nurtured might be spared the danger of their wounds.

To some this may appear figurative, but they would be wise to accept such statements as very literal fact, and pay her the tribute they owe for such unselfish service—a personal service, rendered to them personally—with all that implies of obligation. We may be sure the Masters, looking on, will require it at our hands,—they who stand like mountain fastnesses behind all those who are faithful unto death.

Because of her, the Lodge bugles rang their guiding call to us in our early days, bidding us awake and to arms, then giving us our direction: Not here, there; filling us with their nostalgic sweetness, and raising our hearts in the perplexities and confusions of our search.

Whatever of achievement any one of us may be able to show, whatever stone or pebble we may have placed in the edifice of the Theosophical Movement; whatever success the Movement itself has attained in this era of its manifestation (and success indeed it has had); no matter what credit be due to others (and glorious credit is due); it must all go back to her. She initiated the Society, she toiled for it, she died for it—she gave all that she had; and we who have drawn our sustenance from it, and have had the supreme and perilous privilege of working for it in our turn, must not, dare not, forget what we owe.

For as we remember, may we hope also to be remembered by Those whose blessing will be, if won, our final accolade.

CAVÉ.

H. P. B.

WHEN I first met H. P. B. in the spring of 1887, she was already an old and valued friend. I had been first introduced to her by reading A. P. Sinnett's *Occult World* in November, 1884, and *Esoteric Buddhism* in the following spring; and had been completely convinced of the truth of her message, of the reality of the Masters, and of her position as Messenger of the Great Lodge.

This conviction was tested by the attack made on her by the Society for Psychical Research in London, in June, 1885, when I made a vigorous protest in H. P. B.'s defence, and by further study of *Isis Unveiled*, *Five Years of Theosophy* and *Light on the Path* in the months that followed. H. P. B. came to England in May, 1887, and settled with some of her friends at Maycot, a villa in Upper Norwood near the Crystal Palace. I was in London for Indian Civil Service examinations, and was able to make arrangements through these friends to visit her. When I entered the room, she was sitting writing, with her back to the door. She turned to greet me, the powerful face lit up by a smile in the great blue eyes, her hair light golden brown, naturally waved or rippled, and parted and drawn back.

She was at work on the first volume of *The Secret Doctrine*, which came out at the end of 1888; we talked about some of the ideas it contained, and such was the immense generosity of her nature that she never made her visitor feel young, ignorant, inexperienced. There was an unconscious, whole-hearted humility about her, as rare as it was beautiful. One was always aware of the largeness and dignity of H. P. B.'s nature, yet there was nothing stilted or artificial about it. When at Lansdowne Road in the summer of 1888, whither she had moved from Maycot with her loyal friends, she stood behind my chair at lunch, stroking my hair and accusing me of using a tallow candle-end to keep it smooth,—there was not the least lapse from dignity: it was the humour of a good-natured Titan.

An immense feeling of power surrounded her; it was like being in a room with a tremendously active volcano, though eruptions—and there were eruptions—had less to do with that impression of power than had the steadily maintained force that was present in everything she did,—was present equally when she seemed to be doing nothing.

In the summer of 1888, H. P. B. was seated at a small table in the drawing-room at Lansdowne Road, not writing nor playing solitaire, as she so often did. I was seated at the opposite side of the table, talking to her of my coming journey to India. H. P. B. began to move her right hand, as if tapping the table with her fingers, but stopping some six inches from the surface. The tap came,

just the same, seemingly from the point on the table which she would have touched with her fingers. She did this half a dozen times without any break in the talk. Then I said: "That is interesting! Suppose you make the raps come on the back of my hand!" and I laid my closed hand before her on the table. The raps continued to come, with a cracking noise as before, and with the sensation of a spurt of electricity coming from my hand toward her finger tips. Then I said:

"It would be still more interesting if you made the raps come on the top of my head!" H. P. B. smiled and, raising her hand till it was about a foot from my head, which was slightly bent forward, she produced half a dozen raps, felt and heard as before. Then she said, in answer to a question:

"I could only show you how it is done if you were clairvoyant!"

In talking to her, one had always the sense of power, wisdom, integrity, humour. But at rare intervals there was a notable change. It was as though a door had opened within her, a door into the infinite worlds. One had a sense of a greater than H. P. B. speaking, a tremendous authority and force.

I once asked her what her own experience was during such visitations. She said that it was as if she stepped out and stood at one side, listening, keenly interested, fully remembering afterwards all that was said. "Nothing of the medium about it!" she added.

Rightly to judge her works requires a long perspective. Writing in 1887 she accurately foretold the immense revolution in physics which began with, the discovery of X-rays, Becquerel rays, radium and the miracle of radioactivity which transformed the whole of science; she even foretold the date—"before 1897". Years before, an article published by her declared that the day of a four-dimensional world was at hand. What was then an enigma is now a commonplace. What she wrote concerning gravity should be compared with the latest views. The quantum theory of light is constructively discussed in an essay, *An lumen sit corpus*. What she wrote concerning the Buddhism of Tibet, derided by orientalists, has been approved by high Lamas.

Far greater is the value of her spiritual teaching. She outlined the path of immortal life, indicating the signposts on that immemorial way. Those who have had the devotion, the sacrifice, the fortitude to follow her guidance, know of their own knowledge that she truly imparts the wisdom of the Way of Life.

C. J.

In my Truth is my strength.—SOPHOCLES.

H. P. B.'S DOCTRINE OF THE WILL

Passions grow from the will,
The will grows from thought and imagination:
When both are calmed,
There is neither sensualism nor transmigration.—

THE SUTRA OF FORTY-TWO CHAPTERS.

MADAME Blavatsky vigorously denied that the science of Theosophy was in any sense her discovery or invention. She insisted that she was only restating truths which had been studied and exemplified in the ancient Mysteries, and which are the immemorial heritage of the Great Lodge. By members of the Lodge—as many believe—she was directed to make public what had been privately taught for centuries. But even in the outer world there had always been knowledge of the existence of a "secret doctrine", though it was veiled by symbols and myths and figures of speech. Every student has reason to be grateful for H. P. B.'s revelation of the treasures buried beneath the surface of the world-religions and of many old philosophical systems. She has made the past live again in the present.

However, though her predecessors were numerous and illustrious, Madame Blavatsky had the rare faculty of producing new thoughts out of old materials; she was an original thinker. She could not be otherwise, because she was of the few who have attained individual, personal consciousness on the planes where force is creative. The human being who has become a genius—as the root of that word indicates—is a generator. His powers of perception and action are no longer negative and passive, moved only by external stimuli, for they are controlled by the will of their user. For example, a great artist sees in a landscape something unique, something which he alone can discover; and the energy released by his contemplative activity, impels him to embody his vision, to share it with others, thereby enriching the general consciousness of humanity. In like manner, Madame Blavatsky transmitted not only the "secret doctrine" of the Mysteries, but also her own invaluable personal view and interpretation of it. The science of Theosophy is as old as the universe, but passing through her mind, it was renewed, because she had proved its axioms for herself by living them.

We can never understand her literary work, if we consider it only abstractly. It was part of her service of her Master, and it mirrored the qualities of an adventurous and heroic life. It is dangerous and presumptuous to try to characterize in a sentence a nature as rich and as many-sided as hers; but without risk of falsification, one may regard her career as a progressive incarnation of

her Master's purpose. To that end, and to that end alone, she sacrificed all that was of lesser importance, and this one-pointed force of devotion became outwardly manifest in a character as loyal as it was indomitable.

The recorded incidents of Madame Blavatsky's childhood reveal her native endowment of imagination and will. Throughout her life she purified, developed and consolidated these powers, until she had literally transformed them into magical energies. Knowing their potency in her own life, like a true experimentalist, she assumed that all the creative forces in Nature were of the same essence as those which she had herself experienced. She recognized imagination, desire and will as the causal trinity, the "three in one", reigning supreme in macrocosm and in microcosm. This is, incidentally, one reason why her exposition of the Mystery teaching is never musty or academic. She did not consider metaphysics an intellectual game to be played by a few people who are good for nothing else. As she uses the term, metaphysics is the science of consciousness in all of its modifications, great and small.

In the opening pages of *Isis Unveiled*, H. P. B. states her attitude: "Call the phenomena force, energy, electricity or magnetism, will or spirit-power, it will ever be the partial manifestation of the *soul*, whether disembodied or imprisoned for a while in its body—of a portion of that intelligent, omnipotent and individual WILL, pervading all nature, and known, through the insufficiency of human language to express correctly psychological images, as GOD. . . . The ancient philosophy affirmed that it is in consequence of the manifestation of that Will—termed by Plato *the Divine Idea*—that everything visible and invisible sprang into existence. . . . As God creates, so man can create. Given a certain intensity of will, and the shapes created by the mind become subjective. . . . Given a more intense and intelligent concentration of this will, and the form becomes concrete, visible, objective; the man has learned the secret of secrets; he is a MAGICIAN" (I, 58–62).

In another passage from the same work, she quotes the words of a kindred spirit, Paracelsus: "Every created being possesses his own celestial power and is closely allied with heaven. This magic power of man, which thus can operate externally, lies, as it were, hidden in the inner man. This magical wisdom and strength thus sleeps, but, by a mere suggestion, is roused into activity, and becomes more living, the more the outer man of flesh and the darkness is repressed . . . and this, I say, the kabalistic art effects; it brings back to the soul that magical yet natural strength which like a startled sleep had left it." She adds that "both Van Helmont and Paracelsus agree as to the great potency of the will in the state of ecstasy; they say . . . that pure primeval magic does not consist in superstitious practices and vain ceremonies but in the imperial will of man" (I, 170).

The keynote here sounded recurs again and again throughout her writings. In *Five Years of Theosophy*, she defines "an Adept in the Occult Science" as "a man of profound knowledge, exoteric and esoteric, especially the latter; and one who has brought his carnal nature under the subjection of the will . . ." (p. 31, art.: "Chêlas and Lay Chêlas"). "It is only when the power of the pas-

sions is dead altogether, and when they have been crushed and annihilated in the retort of an unflinching will; when not only all the lusts and longings of the flesh are dead, but also the recognition of the personal Self is killed out . . . , that the Union with the 'Higher Self' can take place" (*Lucifer*, II, 179; art.: "Occultism versus the Occult Arts"). In *The Key to Theosophy*, she identifies real prayer with the exercise of the will: "We call it *will-prayer*, and it is rather an internal command than a petition. . . . It is a mystery rather; an occult process by which finite and conditioned thoughts and desires . . . are translated into spiritual wills and the will; such process being called 'spiritual transmutation'. The intensity of our ardent aspirations changes prayer into the 'philosopher's stone', or that which transmutes lead into pure gold. The only homogeneous essence, our 'will-prayer', becomes the active or creative force, producing effects according to our desire" (pp. 45–46).

Such words as these no longer sound strange and exotic. A clergyman or even a psychologist might read them without a sense of terrible shock. However, it is well to remember that the tides of opinion have turned since Madame Blavatsky's day. The scientists and the theologians who were her contemporaries, did not treat her ideas with the tolerant indifference so characteristic of our generation.

During the greater part of the Victorian Age, the so-called intellectual class was divided into two camps. There were the partisans of scientific materialism, and there were the partisans of old-fashioned theology. Strange as it may seem, Madame Blavatsky appeared between these enemies as a peacemaker. She revived and taught the doctrine of the divine possibilities of the human will. The idea of divine possibilities in Nature or man had never occurred to any of these people who argued with so much self-assurance about the essence of things. The mere pronouncement of such a thought gave them a shock from which they never recovered.

The scientific materialist, the brother-in-arms of Tyndall and Haeckel, described the universe, in rigid terms, as a great machine, every motion of which is determined by the mechanical interaction of its parts. Consciousness was supposed to be a phenomenon, like colour or sound, an illusory appearance produced by certain very complicated movements of material particles. There was, of course, no real place for imagination, desire and will in such a system. They merely signified that the protoplasm of the brain was undergoing some obscure chemical changes.

This mechanistic hypothesis was, in a sense, the expression of a natural reaction against the pretensions of theology. As a result of centuries of mental crystallization, the more orthodox theologians had finally evolved the notion of a world created out of nothing by a "God" whose moral intelligence seemed to be as uncertain as his temper. This "God" had plenty of imagination, desire and will of a distinctly human or rather sub-human order, but his creative power was absolutely distinct from these, as a hammer is distinct from the hand which uses it. His creative power was, in fact, the one attribute which distinguished him from the creatures which he had fashioned in his

image. In other words, man could never hope to attain to the dignity of his Maker, and his imagination, desire and will were faculties which served only to get him into trouble. It is unnecessary to explain that these theological dreamers revealed an abysmal ignorance of the sense of their own Scriptures and that they denied the words of Christ.

One aspect of the historical significance of Madame Blavatsky's mission becomes evident, when one contrasts these views of human destiny with her pronouncement that "as God creates, so man can create". When there was no one else to speak, she reminded the souls of men that their powers differ only in degree, not in kind, from the great Forces which support and energize the Cosmos.

Very few have been converted to the science of Theosophy, but at least the Twentieth Century has been freed from the particular "moulds of mind" which confined and stultified so many great intellects during the Nineteenth Century. Materialistic mechanism and fundamentalist theology still have their representatives, but they are pale replicas of their forbears. The ideas of Jeans and Eddington would have seemed preposterous to the generation of Faraday and Clerk-Maxwell, for these contemporary physicists have provided a place in their systems for a creative, cosmic Intelligence, whose faculties correspond to the faculties of the human mind. In psychology, the transforming potency of imagination, desire and will has been recognized in some degree by all the important schools, with the exception of the Behaviourists.

However, because of the dual nature of the unregenerate man, truth becomes in his hands a two-edged sword. It is dangerous to believe that the personality can be enhanced and strengthened by conscious effort and direction. What a man really desires to be, that he becomes,—as many have learned to their sorrow. The conversion of desire into effective will is a process which is illustrated at every moment of our lives, and magic is, in a sense, only the quickening of the process. But magic is white or black, good or evil, according to the nature of the desire which is energized. Thus, in the Mysteries, a long period of probation and purification preceded training in practical occultism. Unfortunately, the theory and practice of many contemporary psychologists, tend merely to stress the forces latent in our consciousness, without reference to the responsibility of the person who develops and uses them.

In *The Key to Theosophy*, there is this significant passage: "*Will-power* becomes a living power. But woe unto those Occultists and Theosophists, who instead of crushing out the desires of the lower personal *ego* or physical man, and saying—addressing their Higher Spiritual Ego, immersed in Âtmâ-Buddhic light—'Thy will be done, not mine', send up waves of will-power for selfish or unholy purposes! For this is black magic, abomination, and spiritual sorcery" (p. 47).

H. P. B. never tired in her insistence that in occultism motive is all-important. The white magician does not neglect the moral virtues, for it is part of his training to understand the scientific basis of ethics.

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The doctrine of the creative will is, of course, implicit in all mystical philosophy, and one can find many statements of it which recall the words of H. P. B. Thus, although there is little mention of the will, as such, in the works of Plato and his school, a new light is cast upon the Theory of Ideas if we follow Madame Blavatsky's suggestion that in Plato's thought, Will and Idea are virtually synonymous terms. The doctrine is latent in Christian mysticism, and its significance was explicitly realized by Ignatius Loyola, whose *Spiritual Exercises* expound a method of changing desire into aspiration by a special training of the imagination. The mediæval alchemists seem, however, to have been the first, in the Western world, to affirm the immediate connection between the will and magical creation. Boehme, who adapted to his use the symbols of alchemy, boldly identified the essence of the human will with the will of God, and in a series of magnificent images represented will as the originating and emanating power which is the root of Nature. It is not generally recognized that Boehme's genius deeply affected the subsequent trend of philosophical speculation. In particular, Schopenhauer's system appears to have been influenced, both directly and indirectly, by Boehme's conception of the will as creator.

Madame Blavatsky was evidently aware of the analogy between her views and those of the alchemists, and she quoted Schopenhauer with approval. But it would seem that we must look elsewhere for the direct inspiration of her thought. She herself points to its place of origin, in the East, where she had studied the "secret doctrine". It is significant that her exposition of the powers of human consciousness is generally based upon the terminology of the Scriptures of the Orient, especially those of India.

It is the tradition that the Master who instructed her, is a Rajput. According to the testimony of the *Upanishads* themselves, the Rajputs or Kshatriyas were the most ancient custodians of the Mysteries in India. It has been suggested that they belonged to the Red Race, the Race which also ruled Egypt, and which is said to have embodied more completely than any other the powers of the spiritual will. The Rajput sages were philosophers, like the Brahmin priests whom they initiated into their Wisdom, but they were warriors by inheritance and profession. They interpreted the mysteries of being from the point of view of the soldier, not from that of the scholar or the priest. It was their primary aim to live the "secret doctrine", not to subject it to intellectual analysis or to talk about it. It may help us to understand certain implications of H. P. B.'s doctrine of the will, if we think of her as primarily a revealer of the Rajput teaching.

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"To desire is to realize in proportion to the intensity of the aspiration," she writes, "and that, in its turn, is measured by inward purity" (*Isis Unveiled*, II, 592). As has been said, behind will, stands desire. "It is the Upādana or the intense desire which produces WILL, and it is *will* which develops *force*, and the latter generates *matter*, or an object having form" (*op. cit.*, II, 320).

"Inward purity" may be regarded as synonymous with altruism, selfless-

ness, singleness of heart. In the last analysis, this quality is dependent upon the right use of the imagination. Behind desire or feeling, stands imagination. The status of a man is determined by the images to which he gives himself, by the "ideal", high or low, which he seeks to embody.

The term, imagination, has various connotations in English, not all of them equally apt. For example, many people identify the power of constructing mind-images with mere day-dreaming. It is best to let Madame Blavatsky herself define exactly what she means by the word. "What is imagination? *Psychologists tell us that it is the plastic or creative power of the soul;* but materialists confound it with fancy. The radical difference between the two, was, however, so thoroughly indicated by Wordsworth, in the preface to his *Lyrical Ballads*, that it is no longer excusable to interchange the words. Imagination, Pythagoras maintained to be the remembrance of precedent spiritual, mental, and physical states, while fancy is the disorderly production of the material brain" (*op. cit.*, I, 396).

The remembrance of precedent states may be positive or negative, active or passive. In other words, a memory-image may be dynamic, charged with force and desire; or it may be a colourless picture leaving little emotional impression. The imagination which arouses the will, is the positive or active state of memory. The calibre of our personal consciousness may be judged by our response to a few elementary questions. What are the experiences which we remember instinctively and with little or no effort? What are the experiences which we desire most often to repeat and to amplify?

The presence of a dynamic memory-image makes itself known to the mind as a persistent impulse to repeat some past action. The reaction of the mind is automatic, if left to itself. It proceeds to plan and to inaugurate a course of action, the purpose of which is the concrete realization of the desire that memory has awakened. This reaction leads to self-knowledge on some plane or other, since the realized desire reflects to the actor some mode of his own consciousness. Each time that an experience is repeated, there should be an increase of self-knowledge, for repetition is not the same as duplication. Probably no one ever desires to repeat an experience exactly. What we really want is to re-live an action, and so to extract from it a more complete experience than was gained before.

"Desire first rose in It which was the primal germ of mind, and which Sages, searching with their intellect, have discovered in their heart to be the bond which connects Entity with non-Entity." According to the scriptures of ancient India, the power which renews the universe after each "Night of Brahmâ", is essentially one with the triple force of imagination, desire and will in the human being. Both in the universe and in man, in macrocosm and in microcosm, desire is born in the "mid-world" between the abstract (non-Entity), and the concrete (Entity). This "mid-world" in man may be conceived as the zone of his dynamic memories which preserve the experience of the past and prepare the experience of the future.

It is necessary to emphasize this idea, for it seems to express one of the most

fundamental laws of being. "Nature loves to repeat herself",—an old axiom which is attested by the operation of cyclic law throughout the whole domain of the physical universe, and which can be proved by any man for himself by a simple act of introspection at any moment of the day. We are all of us instinctively, if not deliberately, desiring one thing or another all the time, with more or less energy. The idea of the thing—whatever it may be—must be based upon some experience which is stored in our memory and which we want to reproduce, or to complete and perfect. Indeed, we cannot put ourselves into any act, enveloping it with an aura of emotion, without thereby sowing the seed of desire for a repetition of the act.

As this desire usually functions, in the human or sub-human entity, it can scarcely be regarded as creative. An impulse to eat ice-cream every day, or to seek re-election to some public office, is in itself of no discernible value to the soul. A more complex form of the love of repetition, upon the physical and mental planes, is illustrated by the desire to intensify or to expand our sensations and feelings. Thus the lover of ice-cream may become an *amateur* of caviar, and the politician may aim, not at re-election, but at promotion. It is hard to see, however, in what way the universe is permanently benefited by such transformations of consciousness.

The tragedy of most lives is that men employ their imagination to fasten ever more securely their sense of identity to the body or the personality. The imagination cannot be described as creative, until the point of human evolution has been reached where the Ego begins to detach its sense of identity from its physical and mental vestures, and to attach itself to an ideal which it recognizes as greater than itself. This dual effort of liberation and of service, was represented in the Mysteries as the power which revives in the soul the memory of its past existence as a companion of the Gods, before its fall into matter. The desire to repeat the past then becomes the effort to make concrete and personal its abstract and impersonal reminiscence of the paradise which is its true habitation.

In *The Key to Theosophy* (pp. 84–91), the term reminiscence is used to distinguish the memory of the soul from that lower memory "which is a faculty depending entirely on the more or less healthy and normal functioning of our physical brain." Reminiscence is "no faculty or attribute of our *physical* memory, but an intuitional perception apart from and outside our physical brain", a perception which is "called into action by the ever-present knowledge of our spiritual Ego. . . . As every genuine psychologist of the old—not your modern—school will tell you, the spiritual Ego can act only when the personal Ego is paralyzed. The spiritual 'I' in man is omniscient and has every knowledge innate in it; while the personal self is the creature of its environment and the slave of its physical memory. Could the former manifest itself uninterruptedly and without impediment, there would be no longer men on earth, but we should all be gods."

In *The Voice of the Silence*, Madame Blavatsky outlined a method of liberation from sensual and psychic attachments, which is taught in certain Eastern

schools. She utilized the terminology of Buddhist devotional literature, for even exoteric Buddhism recognizes as the cause of all sorrow the "Great Heresy" of the "belief in Soul, or rather in the separateness of Soul or *Self* from the One Universal, Infinite SELF" (p. 4). The Path to liberation and enlightenment is, therefore, the increasing realization by the individual soul of its identity with the One Self which is within and above the appearance of differentiation in Nature.

The Secret Doctrine, as is explained in the Proem, is the exposition of this fundamental theme of the One Self. It is well to remember this fact, for *The Secret Doctrine* has the magical quality of all veritable productions of genius. It gives the reader what he seeks. Thus, a geologist, loving scientific truth, could find a way opened to the solution of more than one geological mystery, if he would condescend to consult this book with an unbiassed mind. Similarly, the student of Theosophy who desires to learn the secret of transmuting the powers of his consciousness, has the means of discovering the solution of his problem, for is not that solution implicit in the doctrine of "the fundamental identity of all Souls with the Universal Over-Soul"?

For example, there is this sentence, quoted by Madame Blavatsky from the *Vishnu Purâna:* "Brahmâ thought of himself as the father of the world". By the power of this thought, the universe became existent. She adds, in a footnote: "This 'thinking of oneself' as this, that or the other, is the chief factor in the production of every kind of psychic or even physical phenomenon. The words 'whoever shall say to this mountain, be thou removed and cast into the sea, and *shall not doubt* . . . that thing will come to pass', are no vain words. Only the word 'faith' ought to be translated by 'Will'. Faith without Will is like a wind-mill without *wind*—barren of results" (*The Secret Doctrine*, ed. 1893, II, 62). This is *Kriyâshakti*, "the mysterious power of thought which enables it to produce external, perceptible, phenomenal results by its own inherent energy. The ancients held that *any idea will manifest itself externally if one's attention is deeply concentrated upon it.* Similarly *an intense volition will be followed by the desired result*" (*op. cit.*, I, 312).

The supreme objective is, therefore, to "think of oneself" as that which one really is, as the Higher Self, an undivided part of the One Self of all beings, an individualized ray of spiritual consciousness. Speaking of the "Yoga Powers", of which *Kriyâshakti* is one, H. P. B. says that "each of these Forces has a living *Conscious Entity* at its head, of which Entity it is an emanation" (*op. cit.*, I, 313). Such an Entity may be described, in the terms of Christian mysticism, as both transcendent and immanent, for like Vishnu, "his essence is both single and manifold." Without ceasing to be individual, he is also the Higher Self of all the souls which have emanated from him. They know reality in the degree that they can recognize it in the consciousness which they share with him, and in so far as they can embody and individualize this recognition in concrete form and action.

In a Section of *The Secret Doctrine* concerning "The Lotus as a Universal Symbol", there is a passage which suggests the way in which the Creative

Host uses imagination in the formation of the Cosmos out of chaotic substance. The ideas are cast in cosmological form, but "as above, so below".

"Whether as the Lotus or water-lily, it signifies one and the same philosophical idea, namely, the Emanation of the Objective from the Subjective, Divine Ideation passing from the abstract into the concrete, or visible form. For, as soon as Darkness, or rather that which is 'Darkness' for [to] ignorance, has disappeared in its own realm of Eternal Light, leaving behind itself only its Divine, Manifested Ideation, the Creative Logoi have their understanding opened, and they see in the Ideal World, hitherto concealed in the Divine Thought, the archetypal forms of all, and proceed to copy and build, or fashion, upon these models, forms evanescent and transcendent.

"At this stage of Action, the Demiurge is not yet the Architect. Born in the Twilight of Action, he has yet to first perceive the Plan, to realize the Ideal Forms, which lie buried in the Bosom of Eternal Ideation, just as the future lotus-leaves, the immaculate petals, are concealed within the seed of that plant" (I, 407–408).

One reason why our imagination so often misdirects our conduct is that when we make a mental representation of some duty which must be performed, we concentrate our attention, not upon the act itself, but upon ourselves as the actors. We experience in advance the feelings which we expect to have in this or that situation, and we try to conceive the consequences of our actions, their relation to our bodily well-being, to our self-esteem, to the good opinion of others, and so on. The result is loss of vision and loss of detachment, with an ultimate sense of futility and frustration in everything which we attempt.

According to the Mystery Tradition, the Demiurge, the Paradigm of man, does not use the image-making power in this way. Brahmâ thought of himself as the father of the world; he did not think of himself as the world, though the world is an emanation of his consciousness. One must resort to a paradox. One can only think of oneself as a creator, by ceasing, in a sense, to think of oneself at all. "The Creative Logoi" of the passage just quoted turn their imagination towards an "Ideal World" which is in the "Ideation" of a Mind higher than their own. From one point of view, the universe is made existent by the intensity of the desire of the Logoi to gain concrete knowledge of the Ideal World. In this way, the paradox is resolved. Meditating upon That which is superior to themselves, they end by thinking of themselves as That.

This is the doctrine of identity taught in the great Upanishads, the essence of the Eastern Wisdom. *Tat twam asi.* "Thou art That."

This is H. P. B.'s doctrine of the Will.

Stanley V. LaDow.

SOME THINGS WRITTEN ABOUT H. P. BLAVATSKY

All human acts are involved in faults, as the fire is wrapped in smoke.
BHAGAVAD GÎTA.

IN the published letters attributed to Masters, there are at least ninety passages in which Madame Blavatsky is explicitly characterized by them—her work, her sufferings, her achievements. Assembled together, they form an extraordinary tribute—a tribute which members of the Society she founded, and died to serve, will be glad, as it were, to offer back to her through the medium of the QUARTERLY, in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of her birth. If we revere her memory—as we do—how can we learn to esteem her better than by entering with sympathy and understanding into what the Masters are said to have thought of her? It would be difficult to find a body of published material where so astonishing an endorsement has been set forth. Truly, a Catherine of Siena, a Catherine of Genoa, a Theresa of Avila, recorded, under obedience, precious tributes of esteem and praise from their Master; and they themselves, in time, wore down by the sheer force of saintliness, the bitter opposition of ecclesiastics and the hostile misunderstanding of their generations. The fair name of the Maid of France has been rescued from the stigma of witchcraft and the infamy of vile insinuations, so that her very enemies vie in proclaiming her innocence and extolling her virtue and genius. The pens of men have been eager and busy—at long last—to defend, to exonerate, and to pay tribute to these servants of the Lodge;—though the nature of their work and the cycles in which they laboured prevented them, perhaps, from realizing consciously just whom and what they served. It has remained for Madame Blavatsky, as conscious Initiate and Lodge Messenger, to receive the written endorsements, and the written tributes, of Masters.

Readers of the QUARTERLY will remember a review of *The Mahatma Letters* which appeared in the issue of July, 1924, where elucidation of the authorship of these letters, and unmistakable warning were given; and in the present article the writer must ask that what was there said shall be borne in mind. The individual authorship of any letter is not proved in the least, simply because a name or initial is printed at its close.

The vindication of Madame Blavatsky has begun. It was, apparently, Master K. H. who wrote in 1882, "Theosophy and its adherents have to be vindicated at last"; while in a letter signed M., we read of H. P. B.: "Defence and *full vindication she* must have".[1] This last was written on the occasion of a

[1] *The Mahatma Letters to A. P. Sinnett*, new and revised edition, January, 1930.

public slander accusing Madame Blavatsky, amongst other things, of appropriating funds for her personal use. If the Masters felt so strongly in the early days in one particular instance when H. P. B. was attacked, out of the many which preceded and followed, what of their feeling—and, we may surmise, determination—as to the whole course of her life, and the consummation of her sacrifice? In a note signed M., we read: "The least we can do for a person who has devoted her whole life to serve us and the cause we have at heart is to preserve her body and health for her whenever she may need it again . . . for such is the wish of *all of us*. . . . Perish the Theosophical Society rather than be ungrateful to H. P. B." Loyalty to their "valiant, trustworthy servant" breathes throughout these letters, as might be expected. When she was "hastily suspected and *unjustly* condemned . . . of *deliberate deceit*", a letter, signed K. H., says: "I protest most emphatically against the woman being dealt with so uncharitably"; while a letter signed M. states definitely: "Martyrdom is pleasant to look at and criticize, but harder to suffer. There never was a woman more unjustly abused than H. B." In fact, the difficulties of the situation frequently were occasioned by the fact that, instead of being a scheming hypocrite and "liar", "She is *too truthful, too outspoken, too incapable of dissimulation:* and now she is being daily crucified for it." One may believe that the Masters will consent to recognize as Theosophists in any true sense, those, and only those, who understand their debt to H. P. B., and strive to "vindicate" her name by the silent witness of their life, when not called upon to do so outspokenly.

One of the most striking things written of Madame Blavatsky was in the autumn of 1881, unsigned, but attributed in a superscription to Master K. H. After a preliminary statement: "I am painfully aware of the fact that the habitual incoherence of her statements—especially when excited—and her strange ways make her in your opinion a very undesirable transmitter of our messages", and a partial explanation of this, ending: "This state of hers is intimately connected with her occult training in Tibet, and due to her being sent out alone into the world to gradually prepare the way for others",—we read: "After nearly a century of fruitless search, our chiefs had to avail themselves of the only opportunity to send out a European *body* upon European soil to serve as a connecting link between that country and our own." When one thinks of the great galaxy of Western mystics, which might have been supposed to be potentially available for such a service; when one considers that apparently the Lodge searched *nearly a century*, fruitlessly, for someone capable and willing to undertake the special work that they proposed (inevitably the failure of the preceding century's Lodge effort comes to mind—Cagliostro, Mesmer, St. Germain), and that Madame Blavatsky provided the "*only* opportunity" for the Lodge—one catches a glimpse of what Lodge service of such a nature means, and of the spirit of her who volunteered. The above statement was followed a few months later (Feb., 1882), by another, signed M. After speaking of Olcott, the writer says: "With him we associated a woman of most wonderful and exceptional endowments. Combined with them she had strong

personal defects, but just as she was, there was no second to her living fit for this work. We sent her to America, brought them together—and the trial began. From the first both she and he were given to clearly understand that the issue lay entirely with themselves. And both offered themselves for the trial for certain remuneration in the far distant future as—as K. H. would say—soldiers volunteer for a Forlorn Hope. For the six and a half years they have been struggling against such odds as would have driven off any one who was not working with the desperation of one who stakes life and all he prizes on some desperate supreme effort." The phrase referred to, attributed to Master K. H., was: "What I meant by the 'Forlorn Hope' was that when one regards the magnitude of the task to be undertaken by our theosophical volunteers, and especially the multitudinous agencies arrayed, and to be arrayed, in opposition, we may well compare it to one of those desperate efforts against overwhelming odds that the true soldier glories to attempt. . . . Of course, if we had undertaken to found and direct it in *propria persona*, very likely it would have accomplished more and made fewer mistakes, but we could not do this, nor was it the plan: our two agents are given the task and left—as you now are—to do the best they could under the circumstances. And much has been wrought."

What a vista is here opened to us of the workings of the inner world, of the spirit and temper of its denizens, of the point of view of the Elder Brothers of the race! No wonder that even in this world, even in Kali Yuga, there has been chivalry, there are Gothic Cathedrals, there is the heart of France. And we see that, by using a Western body, it was the West which, in H. P. B.'s person, forged a new link with the Lodge,—and not the East, which had, apparently, already done so through the success of Eastern chêlas. Olcott was warned in 1888: "We have no favourites, nor affections for persons, but only for their good acts and humanity as a whole. But we employ agents—the best available. Of these, for the past thirty years [i.e., from 1858 on], the chief has been the personality known as H. P. B. to the world (but otherwise to us). Imperfect and very troublesome, no doubt, she proves to some; nevertheless, there is no likelihood of our finding a better one for years to come, and your theosophists should be made to understand it. . . . Her fidelity to our work being constant, and her sufferings having come upon her thro' it, neither I nor either of my Brother Associates will desert or supplant her. As I once before remarked, *ingratitude* is not among our vices."

By far the largest number of references are to H. P. B's sufferings—about a third in all. Next comes direct praise of her; while recognition of her personal defects—which looms so large in the literature about her—receives notice only in an effort to open the eyes of a worldly short-sightedness, so great that it obscured all true perspective. What are these "strong personal defects" which Masters—not men—saw in this woman of "exceptional and wonderful endowments"? First, pride, which caused her acute suffering when scandalously attacked and vilified; but beyond the strain that this suffering occasioned, and a slowing up of her own work, she did not permit it to affect the Movement.

Next, the "habitual disorder in which Mrs. H. P. B.'s mental furniture is kept", which is explained as explicitly due to the strain of the work which she had undertaken to do. Third, "She is a woman though she be an *Upâ-si-ka* (female disciple) and except on occult matters can hardly hold her tongue." Compare another statement, when H. P. B., being "off her head" owing to the attack *on the Masters* arising out of the Kiddle incident, evoked the comment: "Verily woman—is a dreadful calamity in this fifth race!". Fourth, exaggeration; and last, lack of discretion: "Madame B.'s discretion is not improving in ratio with her physiological enfeeblement". That is all,—unless, perhaps, "her impulsive nature" be held a fault, or the fact that "our dear Sister . . . is so careless and thoughtless of herself"—which most certainly can be taken in two ways.

That these defects caused a great deal of "trouble" and commotion, is manifest. Nevertheless it is apparent also that the Lodge thought her services were worth the pains. Particularly in the light of her motives and of what she really tried to do, we might indeed expect to find the Masters writing of H. P. B.: "We, my dear sirs, always judge men by their motives and the moral effects of their actions: for the world's false standards and prejudice we have no respect"; and again: "You can hardly show her enough respect and gratitude, or more than she is entitled to".

That Madame Blavatsky had to suffer the consequences of her indiscretions and impulsiveness is made abundantly clear. It is part of the price the Initiate has to pay, when he undertakes to work in the world, that he must bear the full Karmic weight of his misdeeds during his incarnation, and also of his mistakes and blunders, not only on the plane of the world, but precisely in their repercussion on his inner nature,—and this, even though his inner, native vision has had to be deliberately obscured, his faculties and will perhaps diseased by inheritance and warped by early education, and so his hands, as it were, tied. How could it be otherwise? Nevertheless, the very fact of volunteering, and undertaking such a mission, bespeaks the acquirement of an immense good Karma, which would bring "certain remuneration in the far distant future". The following is full of illuminating suggestions, and might well repay careful reading. "The fact is, that to the last and supreme initiation every chêla—(and even some adepts)—is left to his own device and counsel. We have to fight our own battles, and the familiar adage—'the adept *becomes*, he is not *made*'—is true to the letter. Since every one of us is the *creator* and producer of the *causes* that lead to such or some other *results*, we have to reap but what we have sown. *Our chêlas are helped but when they are innocent of the causes that lead them into trouble;* when such causes are generated by foreign, outside influences. Life and the struggle for adeptship would be too easy, had we all scavengers behind us to sweep away the *effects* we have generated through our own rashness and presumption. Before they are allowed to go into the world they—the chêlas—are every one of them endowed with more or less clairvoyant powers; and, with the exception of that faculty that, unless paralyzed and watched would lead them perchance to divulge certain secrets that

must not be revealed—they are left in the full exercise of their powers—whatever these may be:—why don't they exercise them? Thus, step by step, and after a series of punishments, is the chêla taught by bitter experience to suppress and guide his impulses; he loses his rashness, his self-sufficiency, and never falls into the same errors. All that now happens is brought on by H. P. B. herself. . . ." There follows an analysis of a particular phenomenon of H. P. B.'s, in which Sinnett had joined others in thinking that she had deceived them. The letter continues: "And now, do you want to know how far she is guilty? Know then, that if she ever became guilty of real, *deliberate* deception, owing to that 'zeal', it was when in the presence of phenomena produced, she kept constantly denying—except in the matter of such trifles as bells and raps—that she had anything to do with their production *personally*. From your 'European standpoint' it is downright deception, a big thundering *lie;* from our Asiatic standpoint, though an imprudent, blameable zeal, an untruthful exaggeration, or what a Yankee would call 'a blazing cock-a-hoop' meant for the benefit of the 'Brothers'—yet withal, if we look into the motive—a sublime, self-denying, noble and meritorious—not *dishonest*—zeal. Yes; in that, and in that alone, she became constantly guilty of *deceiving* her friends. She could never be made to realize the utter uselessness, the danger of such a zeal; and how mistaken she was in her notions that she was adding to our glory, whereas, by attributing to us very often phenomena of the most childish nature, she but lowered us in the public estimation and sanctioned the claim of her enemies that she was 'but a medium'! But it was of no use. In accordance with our rules, M. was not permitted to forbid her such a course, in so many words. She had to be allowed full and entire freedom of action, the liberty of *creating causes* that became in due course of time her scourge, her public pillory. He could at best forbid her producing phenomena, and to this last extremity he resorted as often as he could,—to her friends' and theosophists' great dissatisfaction. Was, or rather is, it lack of intellectual perceptions in her? Certainly not. It is a psychological disease, over which she has little if any control at all. . . . Thus, while fathering upon us all manner of foolish, often clumsy and *suspected* phenomena, she has most undeniably been *helping* us in many instances; saving us sometimes as much as two-thirds of the power used, and when remonstrated—for often we are unable to prevent her doing it on her end of the line—answering that she had no need of it, and that her only joy was to be of some use to us. And thus she kept on killing herself inch by inch, ready to give—for our benefit and glory, as she thought—her life-blood drop by drop, and yet invariably denying before witnesses that she had anything to do with it. Would you call this sublime, albeit foolish self-abnegation—'dishonest'? We do not; nor shall we ever consent to regard it in such light."

One further quotation illustrates, in the same explicit and unmistakable way, how those who really understood H. P. B. regarded her faults, and serves to sum up the above long quotation. "Such is the true history, and *facts* with regard to her 'deception' or, at best—'*dishonest* zeal'. No doubt she has merited a portion of the blame; most undeniably she is given to exaggeration in general,

and when it becomes a question of 'puffing up' those she is devoted to, her enthusiasm knows no limits. Thus she has made of M. an Apollo of Belvedere, the glowing description of whose physical beauty, made him more than once start in anger, and break his pipe while swearing like a true—Christian; and thus, under her eloquent phraseology, I, myself, had the pleasure of hearing myself metamorphosed into an angel of 'purity and light'—shorn of his wings. We cannot help feeling at times angry with, oftener—laughing at, her. Yet the feeling that dictates all this ridiculous effusion, is too ardent, too sincere and true, not to be respected or even treated with indifference."

What are the outstanding facts which underlie this series of characterizations of Madame Blavatsky? Surely that primarily her self-depreciation was so great, her humility so genuine, and the torrent of her devotion to her Masters and zeal in doing their work so impetuous, that discretion and balance were sometimes lacking, and coherency and mental poise dissipated; so that, while on the one side intensely concentrated and intuitive, on the other, the personal side, she was careless, indiscreet, given to relatively harmless exaggeration, and withal, a nervous and physical wreck, owing in part to the reckless way she spent herself. "Poor woman! Incessantly and intensely engrossed with one ever-working thought—the CAUSE and Society—even her carelessness and lack of memory, her forgetfulness and distraction are viewed in the light of criminal acts." In other words, and to carry out the analogy of a soldier volunteering for a Forlorn Hope, her critics blame H. P. B. because, volunteering for, and perpetually under, terrific shell-fire (for sixteen, not four and a half years, with no reliefs); poisoned with asphyxiating gases of slander and deliberate misrepresentation; wounded and in pain to the point of being repeatedly at death's door, and crippled for five years—yet ever fighting; surrounded by traitors, spies, and inept, fat-witted comrades, she frequently talked wildly, sometimes acted without due balance, and often raged and stormed at "friends" who, likely as not, were enemies in reality—as she came later to know. The Masters, watching her "sublime" heroism, her "noble and meritorious zeal",—realizing "how dangerous for her will be the achievement of her duty", and the fact that "she must either conquer—or die herself"—saw her shed "her life-blood drop by drop", and, we may well believe, recognized and acclaimed one like unto themselves—a *Brother*. If her volcanic temper and sharp tongue stirred up "feelings" and made trouble, they knew it. One of them wrote of showing "newspaper ribald notices" to the Hobilghan, who "laughed till the tears streamed down his old cheeks". But with H. P. B.—on the firing-line—it was different: "When the 'Old Lady' reads it, there will be a cedar or two damaged at Simla." Unfortunately, unlike Nature's products, damaged human cedars could salve their feelings by writing further libels—which they did. Nevertheless, it must be a comfort, sometimes, for the Lodge to find *someone* in whom—to use their own words—"a vital cyclone is raging much of the time", instead of nothing more forceful than pious hopes and dilute aspirations.

Meanwhile, what was H. P. B. doing for those who turned against her? Take for example, Stainton Moses, who "nearly upset the theosophical ark",

who came to regard the Brothers "as *impostors* and *liars*", and who had "determined in his heart the utter annihilation of the British Branch". The "Brothers of the Shadow"—as H. P. B. prophesied to him—attacked him. "One night she had prostrated herself before her Superior, one of the few they fear, praying him to wave his hand across the ocean, lest S. M. should die, and the Theosophical Society lose its best subject." Again, C. C. Massey, who failed at the first test, and who accused H. P. B. of "deliberate deceit", nevertheless found a champion in the very woman he maligned,—for she "actually offered to accept one year more of her long, dreary exile and work far away from her final goal would we but consent to gratify him with our presence and teachings". Surely, comment is superfluous, except to quote a Master's own characterization—"absolute and frenzied devotion to a great Idea and those whom she regards as her best and truest friends." One would like to be included in that number! Nor could there be a better way to be counted amongst her real friends than to serve the Cause she virtually gave her life *three times* to further,[2] prior, even, to the time of her actual death.

Moreover, the veil is lifted even further, and a direct suggestion is made that Madame Blavatsky's personal peculiarities were not always so beyond her real control as appeared,—in other words, that her temper, her rudeness and roughness of speech on occasion, were deliberately assumed for a purpose, quite regardless of the ill-will towards herself which might be generated, and from which she knew well she must suffer. What else can the following mean? "If H. P. B. (as an example) was wrong last night—as she always is, from the Western point of view, in her everlasting natural impulses apparently so rude and indelicate—she did it after all at her Master's direct order. She never stops one moment to consider the propriety of things when concerned in carrying out such orders. . . . Before it became with her a habit, she used to suffer in *her* Western nature and perform it as self-sacrifice of her personal reputation." Elsewhere, we read again of her "*assumed* roughness".

In the light of such service, such devotion, such utter disregard of herself, such deliberate endurance of ceaseless physical pain, of personal humiliation, of the public attacks and bitter hostility of the very people she was trying to help and was sacrificing to benefit, how *could* the Masters (that is, Karma or Divine Justice personified) condemn her for one moment for what they saw as faults and mistakes? Others who saw her mistakes, too often overlooked her sufferings. Not so the Masters. "We forgive her for she suffers intensely." What it must have cost to watch that suffering! One thinks of St. Michael, St. Catherine, St. Margaret, watching a witch-burning in Rouen five hundred years ago. "Brother mine, I can do naught for our poor Sister. She has placed herself under the stern law of the Lodge, and these laws can be softened for

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[2] Cf. *The Secret Doctrine*, 1888. I. p. 555: "For Sound generates, or rather attracts together, the elements that produce an *ozone*, the fabrication of which is beyond chemistry, but within the limits of Alchemy. It may even *resurrect* a man or an animal whose astral 'vital body' has not been irreparably separated from the physical body by the severance of the magnetic or odic chord. *As one saved thrice from death* by that power, the writer ought to be credited with knowing personally something about it."

none." Again, in February, 1882, more than nine years before she finally died: "I must say she suffers acutely and I am unable to help her for all this is effect from causes which *cannot* be *undone*—occultism in theosophy. She has now to either conquer or die. When the hour comes she will be taken back to Tibet. Do not blame the poor woman, blame me. She is but a 'shell' at times and I, often careless in watching her." It is a relief to read, under date of October, 1882: "H. P. B. is *mended*, if not thoroughly at least for some time to come." Nevertheless, already by the summer of 1884, it was a question "if Mad. B. finds the necessary strength to live (and this depends entirely on her *will* and its powers of exertion)"; while she nearly died in 1887, and once again chose to suffer and struggle on. Here is the description in her own words, as recorded by the Countess Wachtmeister, and published in her *Reminiscences of H. P. Blavatsky and The Secret Doctrine:*

" 'What has happened, H. P. B.—you look so different to what you did last night.' She replied, 'Yes, Master has been here; He gave me my choice, that I might die and be free if I would, or I might live and finish *The Secret Doctrine*. He told me how great would be my sufferings and what a terrible time I would have before me in England (for I am to go there); but when I thought of those students to whom I shall be permitted to teach a few things, and of the Theosophical Society in general, to which I have already given my heart's blood, I accepted the sacrifice, and now to make it complete, fetch me some coffee and something to eat, and give me my tobacco box.' "

In a touching letter, dated Torre Del Greco, July 23rd, H. P. B. wrote: "Ah, I tell you, I *have* learnt things on that night—things that stamped themselves for-ever on my Soul; black treachery, assumed friendship for selfish ends, *belief in my guilt*, and yet a *determination to lie in my defence*, since I was a convenient step to rise upon, and what not! Human nature I saw in all its hideousness in that short hour, when I felt one of Master's hands upon *my heart, forbidding it cease beating*, and saw the other calling out *sweet future* before me. With all that, when He had shown me *all, all*, and asked 'Are you willing?'—I said 'Yes', and thus signed my wretched doom, for *the sake of the few* who *were entitled to His thanks*. . . . Death was so welcome at that hour, rest so needed, so desired; life like the one that stared me in the face, and that is realized now—so miserable; yet how could I say *No* to Him who wanted me to live!" (*The Letters of H. P. Blavatsky to A. P. Sinnett*, p. 105.)

To sum up, what was the key-note of her life, if not devotion and altruism?—a favourite word with her. In an editorial in *Lucifer* (Vol. IV, May 15, 1889, p. 188), she wrote: "For real Theosophy is ALTRUISM, and we cannot repeat it too often. It is brotherly love, mutual help, unswerving devotion to Truth. If once men do but realize that in these alone can true happiness be found, and never in wealth, possessions, or any selfish gratification, then the dark clouds will roll away, and a new humanity will be born upon earth. Then, the GOLDEN AGE will be there indeed."

The Golden Age does not drop, like manna, from heaven; it is brought about by men, divine and human. It has been suggested that the present Theosoph-

ical Movement is the means of inaugurating, if successful, the approaching Golden Age of the new Race; and we are witness to the fact that Madame Blavatsky, the Lodge's accredited representative for that work, incarnated in herself the altruism of the Golden Age. H. P. B. had that in her—"(pardon the eternal repetition but it is being as constantly overlooked) which we have but too rarely found elsewhere—UNSELFISHNESS, and an eager readiness for self-sacrifice for the good of others; what a 'multitude of sins' does not this cover!" Nor was her altruism and devotion a mere abstract force. It is said to be Master K. H. who wrote: "I do not believe I was ever so profoundly touched by anything I witnessed in all my life, as I was with the poor old creature's ecstatic rapture, when meeting us recently [*c.* Oct., 1882], both in our natural bodies, one—after three years, the other—nearly two years absence and separation in flesh. Even our phlegmatic M. was thrown off his balance, by such an exhibition—of which he was chief hero. He had to use his *power*, and plunge her into a profound sleep, otherwise she would have burst some blood-vessel including kidneys, liver and her 'interiors'—to use our friend Oxley's favourite expression—in her delirious attempts to flatten her nose against his riding mantle besmeared with the Sikkim mud! We both laughed; yet could we feel otherwise but touched? . . . You can never know her as we do, therefore—none of you will ever be able to judge her impartially or correctly. You see the surface of things; and what you would term 'virtue', holding but to appearances, we judge but after having fathomed the object to its profoundest depth, and generally leave the appearances to take care of themselves. In your opinion H. P. B. is, at best, for those who like her despite herself—a quaint, strange woman, a psychological riddle; impulsive and kind-hearted, yet not free from the vice of untruth. We, on the other hand, under the garb of eccentricity and folly—we find a profounder wisdom in her *inner* Self than you will ever find yourselves able to perceive. In the superficial details of her homely, hard-working, common-place daily life and affairs, you discern but unpracticality, womanly impulses, often absurdity and folly; we, on the contrary, light daily upon traits of her inner nature the most delicate and refined, and which would cost an uninitiated psychologist years of constant and keen observation, and many an hour of close analysis and efforts to draw out of the depth of that most subtle of mysteries—human mind—and one of her most complicated machines—H. P. B.'s mind—and thus learn to know her true *inner* Self."

We might conclude with one more quotation: "O poor, poor Sister! Chaste and pure Soul—pearl shut inside an outwardly coarse nature. Help her to throw off that appearance of assumed roughness, and anyone *might well be dazzled by the divine Light concealed under such a bark*" (italics ours).

Is it needful to recall the words of the *Ramayana?* "Be grateful. Sages prescribe expiations for murderers, robbers, drunkards, and other sinners, but no expiation can wash away the sin of one whose *offence is ingratitude.*"

GRAZIE.

"SHE BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH"

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS OF H. P. B.[1]

"IT is said somewhere that self-discipline often leads one to a state of self-confidence which becomes vanity and pride in the long run. I say, foolish is the man who says so. This may happen only when our motives are of a worldly character or selfish; otherwise, self-confidence is the first step to that kind of *will* which will make a mountain move."

"To live like cats and dogs in the T. S. is *positively* against all rules—and wishes of 'the Masters', as against our Brotherhood—so-called—and all its rules. THEY are disgusted. THEY look on, and in that look (oh Lord! if you could only see it as I have!) there's an ocean deep of sad disgust, contempt, and sorrow. . . . The ideal was besmeared with mud, but as it is no golden idol on feet of clay it stands to this day immovable . . . and what the profane see is only their own mud thrown with their own hands, which has created a veil, an impassable barrier between them and the ideal . . . without touching the latter."

"I am the Mother and the Creator of the Society; it has my magnetic fluid, and the child has inherited all of its parent's physical, psychical, and spiritual attributes—faults and virtues if any. Therefore I alone and to a degree . . . can serve as a lightning conductor of Karma for it. I was asked whether I was willing, when on the point of dying—and I said Yes—for it was the only means to save it. Therefore I consented to live—which in my case means to suffer physically during twelve hours of the day—mentally twelve hours of night, when I get rid of the physical shell. . . . It is true about the Kali Yuga. Once that I have offered myself as the goat of atonement, the Kali Yuga recognizes its own—whereas any other would shrink from such a thing—as I am doomed and overburdened in this life worse than a poor weak donkey full of sores made to drag up hill a cart load of heavy rocks. You are the *first* one to whom I tell it, because you force me into the confession. . . . You have a wide and noble prospect before you if you do not lose patience. . . . Try . . . to hear the small voice within."

"Yes, there are 'two persons' in me. But what of that? So there are two in you; only mine is conscious and responsible—and yours is not. So you are happier than I am. I *know* you sympathize with me, and you do so because

[1] From *The Path*, Vol. VII, July and August, 1892, pages 121, 161.

you feel that I have always stood up for you, and will do so to the bitter or the happy end—as the case may be."

"Well, sir, and my *only friend*, the crisis is nearing. I am ending my *Secret Doctrine*, and you *are* going to replace me, or take my place in America. *I know you will have success* if you do not lose heart; but do, do remain true to the Masters and *Their* Theosophy and the *names*. . . . May *They* help you and allow us to send you our best blessings."

"There are traitors, conscious and *unconscious*. There is falsity and there is injudiciousness. . . . Pray do not imagine that because *I hold my tongue as bound by my oath and duty* I do not know who is who. . . . I must say nothing, however much I may be disgusted. But as the ranks thin around us, and one after the other our best intellectual forces depart, to turn into bitter enemies, I say—Blessed are the pure-hearted who have only intuition—for intuition is better than intellect."

"Every pledge or promise unless built upon four pillars—absolute sincerity, unflinching determination, unselfishness of purpose, and *moral power*, which makes the fourth support and equipoises the three other pillars—is an insecure building. The pledges of those who are sure of the strength of the fourth alone are recorded."

"Are you children, that you want marvels? Have you so little faith as to need constant stimulus, as a dying fire needs fuel? . . . Would you let the nucleus of a splendid Society die under your hands like a sick man under the hands of a quack? . . . You should never forget what a solemn thing it is for us to exert our powers and raise the dread sentinels that lie at the threshold. They cannot hurt *us*, but they can avenge themselves by precipitating themselves upon the unprotected neophyte. You are all like so many children playing with fire because it is pretty, when you ought to be men studying philosophy for its own sake."

"If among you there was one who embodied in himself the idea depicted, it would be my duty to relinquish the teacher's chair to him. For it would be the extreme of audacity in me to claim the possession of so many virtues. That the *Masters* do in proportion to their respective temperaments and stages of Bodhisatvic development possess such Paramitas, constitutes their right to our reverence as our Teachers. It should be the aim of each and all of us to strive with all the intensity of our natures to follow and imitate Them. . . . Try to realize that progress is made step by step, and each step gained by *heroic* effort. Withdrawal means despair or timidity. . . . Conquered passions, like slain tigers, can no longer turn and rend you. Be hopeful then, not despairing. With *each* morning's awakening try to live through the day in harmony with the Higher Self. 'Try' is the battle-cry taught by the teacher to each pupil.

Naught else is *expected* of you. *One who does his best does all that can be asked.* There is a moment when even a Buddha ceases to be a sinning mortal and takes his first step toward Buddhahood. The sixteen Paramitas (virtues) are not for priests and yogis alone, as said, but stand for models for us all to strive after—and neither priest nor yogi, Chêla nor Mahatma, ever attained all at once. . . . The idea that sinners and not saints are expected to enter the Path is emphatically stated in *The Voice of the Silence.*"

"I do not believe in the success of the . . . T. S. unless you assimilate *Master* or myself; unless you work with me and THEM, hand in hand, heart. . . . Yes; let him who offers himself to Masters as a chêla, unreservedly, . . . let him do what *he can* if he would ever see Them. . . . Then things were done *because I alone was responsible for the issues.* I alone had to bear Karma in case of failure and *no reward* in case of success. . . . I saw the T. S. would be smashed or that *I had to offer myself as the Scapegoat for atonement.* It is the latter I did. The T. S. lives,—I am *killed.* Killed in my honour, fame, name, in everything H. P. B. held near and dear, for this body is MINE and I feel acutely through it. . . . I may err in my powers as H. P. B. I have not worked and toiled for forty years, playing parts, risking my future reward, and taking Karma upon this unfortunate appearance to serve Them without being permitted to have some voice in the matter. H. P. B. is not infallible. H. P. B. is an old, rotten, sick, worn-out body, but it is the best I can have in this cycle. Hence follow the path I show, the Masters that are behind—and do not follow me or my PATH. When I am dead and gone in this body, then will you know the whole truth. Then will you know that I have *never, never* been false to any one, nor have I deceived anyone, but had many a time to allow them to deceive themselves, for I had no right to interfere with their Karma. . . . Oh ye foolish blind moles, all of you; who is able to offer himself in sacrifice as I did!"

The Buddha said: As from a heap of refuse by the road springs up a beautiful, sweet-scented lily, so the disciple of the All-Enlightened One shines forth among the masses of the world who sit in darkness.—DHAMMAPADA.

The heart of man is so constituted that its fulness comes of spending. When we serve—we rule. When we give—we have. When we surrender ourselves—we are victors.—NEWMAN.

LETTERS FROM W. Q. JUDGE

II

NEITHER the spirit nor the significance of these letters can be appreciated without an understanding of the circumstances in which they were written. It is greatly to be hoped, therefore, that readers of this instalment will refer to what was said, by way of introduction to the series, in the last issue of the QUARTERLY (April, 1931), page 314 *et seq.*

From the date of the first to the last (June 6th, 1894) of the letters now given, the attacks on Judge were steadily becoming more open and more virulent. Mrs. Besant and the Countess Wachtmeister, who had arrived in Colombo during the early part of November, 1893, were met there by Olcott, who escorted them, by slow stages, to Adyar, where they arrived in time for the Convention toward the end of December. Mrs. Besant had "gone native" almost as soon as she set foot in India, adopting an imitation of native dress, and in every possible way proclaiming herself Hindu. So far as her lecturing engagements permitted, she was hurrying to Allahabad, where Professor Chakravarti, whom she had adopted as her occult instructor, awaited her. It was while at Allahabad, on February 6th, 1894, that she handed to Olcott the formal request he wanted, namely, to direct, as President of the Society, "that the charges made" against Judge, "with reference to certain letters and sentences in the alleged writings of the Mahâtmas", "shall be formulated and laid before a Committee" of the T. S. Olcott wrote officially to Judge next day, enclosing a copy of Mrs. Besant's demand, and offering him "the following options": (1) either resign all offices in the T. S., or (2) submit to a trial by a Judicial Committee of the T. S., which would make public the whole of the proceedings in detail. Olcott added that as he would like to know Judge's decision before Mrs. Besant left India, "I would ask you to kindly cable me the word 'first' if you choose to resign; or 'second' if you demand the Committee"! Judge's stand in this matter is set forth clearly in his letter to me of February 26th. Olcott's suggestion that Judge might prefer to resign was intended, of course, for "the gallery", as even Olcott knew Judge too well, just as a man (he knew nothing about him as an Occultist), to suppose him capable of any such thing.

It cannot be repeated too often that the objective of the Black Lodge, which instigated and engineered these attacks, was the destruction of H. P. B.'s reputation, as a woman, but chiefly as Lodge Messenger, and, as a direct consequence, the nullification of her life's Work, which constituted the chief outer effort of the White Lodge in the nineteenth century. The attacks on Judge, who was known to have been her pupil, and who claimed, rightly, to be follow-

ing in her footsteps, both in spirit and in method,—were aimed at her, through him. Judge knew it, and all who loved and trusted him, knew it also.

Colonel Olcott had played most creditably an essential and difficult part in the early days of the Movement; but the trouble was that he knew it, and came to think of himself as more important than H. P. B. His attitude in this respect, complicated matters greatly for her during the last years of her life—as all members of that period well knew. He had imagined that, in the event of her death, he would occupy the centre of the theosophical stage without a peer. When she died, his vanity was deeply affronted by the recognition given to Judge; and Judge was H. P. B.'s most powerful and most faithful defender. Olcott felt instinctively that this was a reflection upon himself, and it galled him. He desired, on the one hand, to exalt himself by belittling H. P. B. (as he attempted to do in *Old Diary Leaves*); and Judge balked him there. He was jealous of Judge, on the other hand, because Judge, compelled by Olcott himself to balk him, won increasing admiration by his manner of doing so.

It was the same old story of unregenerate human nature,—not only in Olcott's case, but in the case of all those, without exception, who laid themselves open to be used as tools in this infamous campaign. Because they were willing tools, they thought that they were conducting it, but actually, as a campaign, it had been devised, well in advance of execution, by those whose hatred of the White Lodge over-shadowed all minor hatreds, whether of H. P. B. or of Judge.

Meanwhile Judge worked and worked and worked—for Theosophy. As these letters prove, he spared himself no pains, overlooked no detail in *his* campaign, the single purpose of which was to consolidate and complete the vast enterprise of H. P. B. It filled him with despair that those who ought to have done likewise were giving their time and energies to personal resentments and jealousies—or to personal devotions; but he refused to be diverted from his course, refused to protect himself, refused to attack his enemies, convinced that truth would prevail in the end, as it will. In those days some of us would have given our lives if he could have been vindicated at once; but he was in no hurry; and now, neither are we. When H. P. B. is recognized for what she was, Judge will be also: not before, because the two stand or fall together. They are inseparable.

E. T. H.

New York, December 27th, 1893.

Dear Hargrove,

I can now speak definitely in respect to the April Convention here. It will be held at San Francisco near the end of April. Frisco is 5 days away by rail. That makes 10 days from London—say 11. That makes 22 for travel there and back. Could you do it? Such a trip would benefit you in body and mind as well as spreading another T. S. rope across the world. If you come over, here are items to attend to:

(a) Appointment to represent European Section.

(b) Address prepared from European Section and signed by the General Secretary.

(c) Your own address as representative.

(d) A couple of papers or lectures ready on T. S. subjects, one being short, say 40 minutes. As many in reserve as you like.

(e) Informing me in advance so that I can assign you a place for a talk on some theosophical subject. This I must know in advance for program.

(f) Inquire to see if you are to bring over any boxes or things from 19 [Avenue Road] to *Path* or T. S. here.

(g) Some good photos of yourself for use possibly (positively) with the newspapers. Those you bring, but one is to go out ahead to the Coast through me.

Even should Bert [Keightley] insist on coming, it makes no difference as that would only possibly cut out the representation. But if you are coming and announce it long enough in advance, he is not likely to wish to duplicate, as it would not do. Besides I don't think he wants to go so far over as Frisco, —and he was there years ago.

This is all I can think of in relation to the affair.

With best love

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

Judge used a typewriter, when available, for much of his personal correspondence. "The machine" of the next letter, refers to that.

Khandalavala was an Indian Judge. He had contributed an article to Colonel Olcott's magazine, *The Theosophist*, indirectly attacking Judge, which I had mentioned with disgust in a letter to Judge.

NEW YORK, February 6th, 1894.

Dear Hargrove,

After using the machine for a time it goes well. Try it.

Am glad to hear from you and to get the news. Silentio, my dear, is almost as good as patience. He laughs best who does it last, and time is a devil for grinding things. Do not fear for me; no way. I am not in pain nor will I be. A defeat even would be a sort of new sensation and thus a relief, but I do not expect it. It will be the same old grind all the while. And "yoiung" chickens with swelled heads do not run the universe for any great length of time, for whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. See? As to such men as Khandalavala they are prominent by reason of official position in the Government, but they do not form a majority at all; they are not even types in the Indian Section [of the T. S.]. I know thus. Haven't much to say. You are all right. Use the time in getting calmness and solid strength, for a big river is so, not because it has a deep bed, but because it has VOLUME.

As ever thine,

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

NEW YORK, February 8th, 1894.

My dear Hargrove,

Just a line about the Convention. There is to be held at the same time at Frisco, a midwinter Fair (now on), with a religious parliament annex, and we are in it by and large with two days for talk. It will meet on the 19th, so you must be over in time to get there by that date. We may want you to swell around at that as a "furriner", so you will have to see the Chinaman as to a paper. The subjects are: "The Wisdom Religion the basis of all religions"; "Reincarnation"; "Necessary unity of Religion, Philosophy and Science"; "Karma, the immutable Law of Cause and Effect." Let me know at once the one you take. This, mind, is extra to the Convention, so you must be ready also with things for that. You are now to be initiated into real rushing work in the land of the free, so be bold and strong and don't mind, for you will be protected and come through all right. How do you like the prospect? We shall have lots of fun, and you will meet so many whole souls you will never want to live in London any more. Good bye and good luck to thee. In haste—as ever the same,

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

On the back of the envelope containing the following hurriedly-written letter, Judge wrote: "Want your biography for Faces of Friends. No escape."

The "splendid picture" of the postscript was the photograph I had sent him in compliance with his request.

NEW YORK, February 23rd, 1894.

Dear Ernest T.,

Enclosed is Convention notice. You do not speak at Rel. Parl. but you ought to be here 1st April so as to go with us. Let me know soon. Mrs. J., Buck, myself and you go together. We may have to start by April 5th from N. Y. so as to do up some places.

I gave Mrs. K. by this mail a small certificate for you.

Times h'is 'ard, but Karma takes care of its own. Come along to Convention and have a good time and we'll get well acquainted.

Love and devotion
Common sense and *justice*.
As ever,

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

Splendid picture.

NEW YORK, February 26th, 1894.

My dear Hargrove,

I have now found out all about the trip to California and send you information so that you can decide your dates and let me know at once in order that I may be able to buy the ticket from here. You can pay me for it when you arrive. I must buy it before March 31st in order to take advantage of low rate.

The midwinter Fair at Frisco is reducing rates on the R. Rs. They offer ticket good till July 30th from N. Y. to the Coast and return for $123.70, the sleeper being about $40. extra going and coming; that makes about $164.70 without any meals. This will give you a good notion of the probable cost. I buy the tickets here, right through, sleepers and all. We shall go from here viâ St. Louis to Los Angeles, where we shall break off for a day extra and then go up the coast to Frisco, and back viâ another route touching at Salt Lake and Denver and Chicago and home. This takes in a good bit of the U. S., as San Diego is really the most southern city near to Mexico.

We must leave here early in April so as to have enough time, but I must know right off so as to buy the tickets before the rate is raised again. This rate is an enormous reduction and is on all the roads so as to attract people to the midwinter Fair. Is it not lucky for us? So now let me know. I have billed you all about and sent your phiz to Frisco and they are "making you up" for the papers. As I asked for a picture and you sent me two with no word to the contrary, I made use of it thus though it is a very nice piece of art work to be flinging around the place.

* * * * * * *

Please note for your use. The T. S. is a body with no creed, and under its constitution no one has the right to enforce or to authorize a belief. Hence it is unconstitutional for a T. S. committee to sit on or consider a question which raises the existence or powers of the Masters; and so the T. S. has no right to have a committee to decide if anyone ever used the name, fame, or hand of a Master, right or wrong. If they try this, they violate the constitution and make a definite dogma by the decision either way of such a committee. Sit on this question as a lawyer. It is vital.

Good bye, good man, and good luck. I stopped the Chinaman in time, eh?

As ever,

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

Elliott B. Page, a very old member of the Society, referred to in the following letter, was manager of the Theosophical publishing and book business at the Headquarters in New York.

NEW YORK, March 2nd, 1894.

Dear Hargrove,

This will probably be the last chance to write.

(a) Wire me if you are going to be here in time to leave with us on the 3rd.

(b) Push up the persons named in Page's letter so they will send you the stuff in time.

(c) Have all the packages marked with your own name, and have as many as you can in your cabin, for when Stabler came back her packages did not turn up for three days. You will have a cabin to yourself and there is plenty of room underneath the berth.

(d) Bring notes with you of your own life for the purposes of *Path* articles. Your plate is here and it is very good.

(e) Have letter of greeting from the European Section sure, as well perhaps as another from the London household [at 19 Avenue Road], and any others you can get from the Continent.

(f) All right about the articles you have mentioned. Bring all your notes of old lectures as you may need them. It may be that you will not speak at the Parliament, as they have cut us down a lot, but the stuff will be just as good for the Convention. The basis of religions is splendid for the Convention, as I have none on that, and they need it, and the Christ idea is also for a second day as they need that too, and it will take with the public.

I hope there will be no hitch in your coming, as I am banking a lot on you though I have not said much.

Good bye then, and good luck as ever,

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

English notes are easily cashed here, or gold, or bill to a bank.

The Countess Wachtmeister, who had been appointed to represent the Indian Section of the T. S. at the San Francisco Convention, and I, as delegate of the European Section, travelled on the same ship to New York, where we arrived on March 31st. The Countess had accompanied Mrs. Besant and Olcott on their recent tour in India, and had returned to London somewhat in advance of Mrs. Besant so as to reach San Francisco in time. She was an old member of the Society, and had lived in close contact with H. P. B., so Judge—always thinking of his members—promptly set her to work, and incidentally myself, by calling upon us to speak at the regular Tuesday evening meeting of the Aryan T. S. in the hall at 144 Madison Avenue, then the Headquarters of the T. S. in America.

Judge's solicitude for his members was intense. In his eyes it was nothing short of a crime if older workers, especially those visiting America from abroad in some official or public capacity, failed to give of their best. In reply to a letter from Jasper Niemand (Mrs. Archibald Keightley), asking him to be less "cold" to Mrs. Annie Besant than he had been during the latter's visit to this country with Professor Chakravarti in September, 1893, Judge had written: "It is true Annie suffered through my cold and hard feelings. But it was her fault, for I say now as then to Annie, that she, absorbed in Chakravarti, neglected my members, who are my children, and for whom I wanted her best and got her worst. That made me cold, of course, and I had to fight it, and didn't care if Annie did not like it: I have no time to care. I am glad she has gone to India. It is her trial and her chance, and when she gets back she can see for herself if she is able to prevent the 'big head' from coming on as has happened with others."

In justice to the Countess Wachtmeister it should be said that Judge had no

such ground for complaint against her, as she worked indefatigably throughout her visit, doing more than was asked of her, as Judge thankfully recognized.

On the Thursday after the Aryan meeting, Judge and Mrs. Judge, the Countess Wachtmeister, and I, left New York for San Diego. Our party was joined *en route* by Dr. J. D. Buck of Cincinnati. We travelled, I think (for at that time all American railroads were alike to me), by the Southern Pacific; in any case we passed through Little Rock, Arkansas, because I well remember Judge's subsequent enjoyment when a member of the Society, residing in Little Rock, who met us on the train as we passed through, pointed to a building in the neighbourhood and said with evident pride: "The largest lunatic asylum in the country!"—or words to that effect. Judge seized upon this incident as an introduction to an American peculiarity, enjoying its humour, of which the local member was totally unaware, but perhaps anxious that I, on my first acquaintance with the country, should not gain a wrong impression. "They are like that", he said, "but they are real people none the less: the salt of the earth."

I was impressed by the way Judge practised what he had preached in his letter to me of October 7th (see the April, 1931, QUARTERLY, p. 321). Instead of seeking every possible opportunity, real or imagined, to instruct others—the dreadful way of some people—he was constantly creating opportunities to gain information that would be of use to him in the Work, his one unceasing concern. The train would stop, for instance, on account of a "hot box." Judge would disappear, to return later with the explanation that he had been talking to the engine-driver, and had picked up this or that fact from the man's experience which illustrated some theosophical principle and would perhaps serve as an illustration in a lecture, or in an article for *The Path*. Judge had read a great deal, but was not a bookworm, and used his reading as a background for his unceasing study of *life*, especially of human nature, which, he said, was the main business of the practical occultist. On the train, he spent most of his time writing. There were innumerable letters to be written, in addition to articles and editorial work for *The Path*. Both Mrs. Judge and the Countess were admirable travellers, uncomplaining, always punctual, tactful, and making the fewest possible demands on Judge's time. After our arrival on the Coast, when the stream of visitors was almost incessant, Mrs. Judge accomplished wonders by steering them away, without hurting their feelings, when intermissions were really necessary.

Judge had wonderful eyes, with infinite depths behind them,—depths of tenderness, of strength, of perception. They were luminous eyes; sometimes veiled, especially with strangers, and at other times flashing out with marvellous power and light. They could express everything,—the whole gamut of feeling; or they could express absolutely nothing, as he wished. When he was amused, they danced. As I remember him, he rarely laughed, and then, silently; but his smile was radiant—it was a beautiful smile—and revealed all kinds of things, perhaps intense pleasure, perhaps intense enjoyment of some humorous incident. For part of the distance on the journey to San Diego, there was

no dining-car on our train, and we stopped somewhere in the Mojave Desert for lunch or supper. As I paid the waiter, a raw-boned Westerner, for my share of the meal, I made some remark, intended to be sympathetic, about having to live in a desert, with nothing but stifling, hot sand for miles around. The man's retort, perhaps intended to put the "furriner" in his place, was instant: "No stinkin' vegetation in these parts, thank God!" How Judge enjoyed that!

Travelling in such close association with the Countess Wachtmeister made things a trifle awkward, for me in any case. I had seen a good deal of her at Avenue Road and at the office of the T. P. S. in London; I was indebted to her for having been the first to speak to me of steps leading toward the possibility of chêlaship: I had great respect for her personally: but I had good reason to suspect that her attitude toward Judge reflected Mrs. Besant's; so I was compelled to distrust her thoroughly, and of course could not in any way refer to "the row" in her presence. Judge treated her as if she must necessarily feel as he did,—that nothing counted or mattered, except work for Theosophy. I could understand that, but when, later, he encouraged her to visit, quite alone, as many Branches as possible and to stay as long as possible, without any fear whatever, so far as I could see, that she would, perhaps unconsciously, spread doubts of his integrity,—I was distinctly worried and told him so. His reply was that she greatly interested the members with good, helpful and authentic stories of H. P. B.; that her visits to small towns and Branches would stimulate an interest in Theosophy, and that she would do more good than harm, even supposing she were capable of harm. It was yet another instance of his bigness of view, of his detachment from personal considerations, and of his one-pointed devotion to Theosophy in and for itself. To what extent she responded temporarily to his generosity of attitude, I do not know. She was completely a gentlewoman in the old and true sense of the word, and although she remained with Mrs. Besant after the "split", I never heard that she attacked Judge.

We arrived in Los Angeles on the evening of April 10th, and went straight to a Branch meeting at which Judge, Buck, and I spoke. Next day, Judge and I started early for San Diego, and arrived there at one o'clock. After lunch, we addressed a large Branch meeting and met the members until five. This was followed in the evening by a public lecture in Unity Church, when we spoke upon "The Aim of Life". So it continued, day after day, without intermission. I was young and sufficiently able-bodied, besides which the experience, for me, was novel, but Judge had been doing the same kind of thing for years, and was already suffering from the premonitory symptoms (wrongly interpreted by doctors as "liver") of his last illness. How he stood it, is not easy to explain, except on the ground that his intensity of devotion kept his body going without the slightest sign of mental or nervous fatigue.

From San Diego, back to Los Angeles, and more lecturing and interviews, and so to San Francisco, where the Religious Parliament, at which Judge and Buck spoke, immediately preceded the Convention.

Judge was received with enthusiasm everywhere, either because of, or in spite of, attacks in the newspapers, which naturally made the most of the

stories circulated from Adyar against him. At the first session of the Convention, Judge announced that Olcott, as President of the Society, had notified him that he, Olcott, had suspended him as Vice-President; whereupon the following resolution was carried unanimously, all present, except Judge, rising spontaneously to make their protest more emphatic:

"That this Convention, after careful deliberation, finds that such suspension of the Vice-President is without the slightest warrant in the Constitution, and altogether transcends the discretionary powers given the President by the Constitution, and therefore, is null and void.

"And this Section, in Convention assembled, hereby expresses its unqualified protest against the said illegal action by the President of the Society, and can see no necessity for such action, and that even did the Constitution contain any provision for a suspension, it would have been wholly needless and unbrotherly, inasmuch as by the Constitution the Vice-President has no duties or power save in case of the death, resignation, or accusation of the President."

Olcott's action had revealed the animus which inspired him, and which inspired the others with whom, by this time, he was hand in glove as against Judge. The delegates and members assembled in San Francisco recognized this animus, and felt rightly that Judge was being persecuted. It made them angry, and it is some comfort to know, after the passage of all these years, that I did my small best *not* to lessen the anger. Yet the anger was contained and quiet. Judge well knew the reaction that follows an emotional outburst, and always did his best to check "demonstrations."

Dr. Jerome A. Anderson, the President of the San Francisco Branch, and author of well-known books on Theosophy, then read resolutions in regard to the charges against Judge of "misuse of Mahâtmas' names and handwritings", and asked that these resolutions be submitted for the consideration of the proper Committee; but the Convention would not tolerate delay, and insisted upon passing them, as read, by a rising vote. The fact was (and is) that these resolutions were too completely logical and crushing to admit of debate, even if there had been any desire for it. In substance they set forth that *whereas* Olcott, Annie Besant, A. P. Sinnett and others had at various times claimed to have heard from the alleged Mahâtmas, and that Olcott by request was making arrangements for an official inquiry by a Judicial Committee to try the question whether Judge had "misused the names and handwritings of the Mahâtmas"; and *whereas* the Constitution provided freedom for all as to beliefs, and that no dogma of any kind could be officially recognized by the Society; therefore *Resolved:* that the opinion of the Convention was that the President's action was uncalled for, unconstitutional, illegal, and improper; that the Convention re-affirmed the right of all to believe or disbelieve in the Mahâtmas or Masters; and then thanked William Q. Judge for his work and expressed full belief and confidence in him.

Then followed the gem of the Convention,—a resolution to the effect that if, in the face of the protest of the American Section, an investigation were to be carried on, then Olcott, Annie Besant, A. P. Sinnett, and others should be

investigated also, and that they should be compelled to show their commission from the Mahâtmas and to divulge what they know thereon, and to show the truthfulness of their claims thereon.

Lastly it was resolved that in the opinion of the American Section only a body of Mahâtmas appearing at the session of the Judicial Committee could decide whether or not any communication was or is a genuine or fraudulent Mahâtmic message.

It can be imagined with what enthusiasm these resolutions were carried. They supplied a much-needed counterblast to the intrigues and threats of Judge's enemies, and The Theosophical Society of to-day—the continuation and exfoliation of the old American Section—can afford to be proud of its record on that occasion. The best of good Karma was made by the loyalty, clarity of perception, fearlessness of protest, and strict adherence to principle, of the membership of 1894. Incidentally, the individual who inspired the demand that everyone should be investigated while they were about it, deserved great credit both for his keen recognition of the logical issue, and for his sense of humour!

The Convention then proceeded with its order of business, including a public meeting in Golden Gate Hall at which Judge, the Countess, Buck and I spoke. Judge, who spoke last, concluded his speech with these words: "Theosophy is the Reformer of Religions, the Justifier of Conscience, and the Mediator between Science and Religion; it is our present and future, our life, our death, and our immortality."

Judge's voice was not strong, though his intonation was pleasant, clear and virile. He was not an eloquent speaker, in the ordinary sense of the term; he used hardly any gestures; his style was simple, without a shadow of display; he said what he had to say, naturally and without effort; but he carried conviction, as few do, because of the intensity which he embodied,—the force of a restrained but consuming devotion, the compression of a steel spring. And on this occasion his audience, though consisting mostly of strangers, seemed to sense something great, something heroic, in Judge as a man; for not content with a storm of applause at the end of his speech, there were loud calls for "Judge" from all parts of the Hall, much to the astonishment of the T. S. members who were present. Judge, I think, was rather embarrassed as he stepped forward and bowed; but some of us blessed the people who did it. It was a reminder that the Olcotts and Besants and their kind, were not the only people in the world.

Meetings, morning, afternoon and evening of the next day, immediately after which Judge sent me to lecture and meet members in Santa Cruz and San José, while he visited Oakland, returning to San Francisco to deliver another public lecture, before proceeding to Sacramento where I rejoined him. On May 1st we arrived at Portland, Oregon, for more lectures and meetings, and then went to Seattle. Judge much preferred this northern part of the West Coast, to its southern reaches. He told me that Seattle had been built on the site of an ancient and great city, and that he believed the Puget Sound neigh-

bourhood would become, in time, one of the most important centres in the United States, commercially in any case.

From Seattle, to my indescribable disappointment, I was called back to England on account of illness there—needlessly, as it happened. Judge was not at all pleased, and I much regret now that I did not complete the tour with him, as he travelled—meeting members and lecturing wherever he stopped—to Victoria, B. C., Port Townsend, back to Seattle, Tacoma, Olympia, Portland, and so to Chicago and New York by way of Salt Lake City (a large public meeting in the Salt Lake Theatre), Aspen, Denver, and Omaha.

Throughout his long journey, with the "investigation" ahead of him in London, Judge not only edited and wrote articles for *The Path*, but carried on his immense correspondence with members all over the world—encouraging and guiding the inner efforts of some, and the outer activities of others; supervised the publishing, book-selling and printing business conducted at Headquarters; kept a close watch on the lecturing and organizing work of Burcham Harding in Massachusetts and Connecticut, of Dr. Griffiths in the West, and of Claude Wright in the South, and never lost touch with the Countess Wachtmeister who continued her lecturing tour through America for several months. It was an extraordinary performance. Judge was determined to turn evil into good, and to use the attacks against himself for the ultimate benefit of the Work.

I of course wrote to him as soon as I reached London, receiving the following letter in reply:

NEW YORK, June 6th, 1894.

Dear E. T. H.,

Just got your first. Thanks. But I am soon coming. I shall say but little. Take my advice and say nothing now. You cannot in England talk as you did here, save on general T. S. matters. So keep quiet until you see what to do. I feel too that J. C. K. will get well. I always thought so. But the pain and agony for so long are awful. Delivered yours to Mrs. Judge. She will write you. I do not know if I shall have you on the Coast or not. Seems to me if we can get a sure man more known and older, it will have better effect. This is not against you, but you know how people are. I am dubious. But will settle it all when I get over. Till then revoir.

W. Q. J.

Circumstances are the rulers of the weak; they are but the instruments of the wise.—LOVER.

A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds.—FRANCIS BACON.

WAR MEMORIES

XII

The Evacuation of a Hospital

NOT long after that fatal night attack—the air raid which resulted in the great toll of life—we began to hear rumours that our hospital was to close down. Even when it had first been opened, its installation was never, I believe, intended as a permanent arrangement (the uncertain and constantly shifting lines would alone have made impermanence a necessary feature in the reckoning), and it was now too exposed to be suitable for the particular kind of wounded who came to us. In the beginning it had, I think, been classed midway between a casualty clearing station and a sort of temporary place of convalescence (convalescence which promised to be of short duration), and it had been kept open because of its fine situation, the lovely park and the spaciousness of the château itself; also because it was excellently equipped. Quite recently, however, several British casualty clearing stations had been established well to the east of Poperinghe, much nearer the lines than we had ever been—in fact, almost in the front lines themselves, where the staffs were doing splendid pioneer work—and there was no longer the same need for us that there had been. So the rumours of our removal farther to the rear, where our wounded would be safer, increased, and we expected that each day might be our last in the château.

The autumn was setting in, and with it the weather, which had been none too friendly from the start, broke finally and completely. Sometimes I think that never before has there been so much rain as fell that year of Third Ypres. Day after day it came down in sheets, in torrents, and with gales of wind, making the moving of men and of artillery over the glutinous clay of the soil—transport of any kind—indescribably difficult; washing away the very trenches themselves at times, or turning them into deep, death-filled canals. The casualties were appalling, it was a veritable carnage; yet, with indomitable persistence, with grim determination, the Allies fiercely contested every inch of the shell-torn, mouldering earth; creeping forward where they could; holding fast against insuperable odds where advance was impossible, the Germans, meanwhile, continuing to bring up reinforcements, fresh divisions from the eastern front, adding to their own strength against our unflinching but weary troops. Here in the dreary swamps and marshes which stretched in galling monotony around Ypres; here on these Flanders Fields which in 1914 had sprung to immortal fame, another bloody conflict was raging, and while, from certain points of view, the Third Battle of Ypres was not as conclusive as had been anticipated (for the Germans still controlled the Belgian coast, and still

occupied a highly important centre—Lille), the Allies had, none the less, wrested many prominent positions from the enemy, eventually capturing Passchendaele Ridge itself—or all that remained of it, after the bitter struggle for its possession; and what was of incalculable moral value, they had thereby greatly strengthened their hold on Ypres. Had this old Flemish town, which stood in the popular imagination as symbolic of an iron endurance (though it was now hardly a town; really little more than heaps of charred stones and drifting ashes, *La Ville Morte* it was called)—had Ypres been allowed to fall into German hands, it would probably have meant the eventual loss of the last inch of Belgian soil, making the conquest of that lion-hearted little country complete.

So the autumn set in with storms and flood; with only an occasional sunny day or clear night—one advantage to us, at least, being that we had fewer air raids. Meanwhile our hospital life moved on as usual, save that with the shorter days and the chilly, gusty dampness, we could not take our men out very often; but the nurses had a "day off" now and again when work was slack, and I made it known that, rain or shine, when my turn came I was going to explore the countryside of which I had seen very little. The château park was large (no lack of space to move in), but you had to get outside the gates if you wanted to see any of the countless signs of war which passed along the highways. This did not, of course, mean that inside our enclosure we were left in peaceful unconsciousness that the War was raging, but knowledge of it reached us more by air than by land, and while I had *heard* plenty of guns, I had seen few for some time—and I like guns, though I know little about them. Then came a morning (not my "day off", but it was fine weather), when I was asked, quite unexpectedly, to go over toward Bailleul on a small commission for the hospital, and even with the many other things I saw, that whole day is glorified in my memory because of a single event, over in a few minutes; an event which still moves splendidly across the scenic curtain of my mind, a brilliant if fleeting picture—a column of marching men. The car in which I rode had been dashing along at high speed (it was nice to be in the open again), when, on the outskirts of the town, we tore past a small, shell-shattered house—no unusual sight, indeed, but it seemed to call to me in some peculiar way, as though in its solitude it were begging the charity of human sympathy. Telling my driver to wait a moment for me, I hurried back over the stretch of road we had come, for I wanted to peep in at the staring, curtainless windows; to give that desolate, uninhabited little house the comfort for which it seemed asking. There were at that moment few people about, and with the stopping of my car a sudden stillness had fallen with caressing peace around me. Reaching the small house with its neglected garden, overgrown with weeds, I stood there a moment wondering what the now-absent family had been like, and if there had once been children playing there among the flowers. Then suddenly, from a distance, and carried to me on the wings of the autumn wind, there came a sound which in an instant banished every other thought; a sound which always sends the blood racing and tingling in my veins—the sound of fife and drum. I waited, expectant. Nearer and nearer came that martial music (of all music

perhaps the most stirring), and then, round a bend of the road, I caught the first glimpse of the advancing column; a regiment of British Regulars was marching up from some village in the rear, where it had been in rest billets—marching up to take its place in the line—the men swinging easily and steadily forward in preparation for the entrance into Bailleul, for it was well known that such gallant sights and sounds as this, heartened the people of the countryside to a degree now difficult to realize, perhaps. The autumn sunshine streamed over them, glinting here and there; giving the dull khaki of the uniforms a warm and glowing tint, like the tint of autumn leaves, as on they came. Seemingly from nowhere a crowd had meanwhile gathered near me; a crowd which, like myself, had been irresistibly drawn by the shrilling of the fifes, the deep, insistent throbbing of the drums, and silently we watched the column as it moved toward us. At its head rode the colonel of the regiment on a faultlessly groomed chestnut, with a glossy coat like silk; with tiny ears pricked forward, proudly arched neck and dainty feet which seemed hardly to touch the earth. Then after him, in long alignment, and at regular intervals, followed company after company, each led by its commanding officer, each man with his full equipment, in perfect marching trim. The officers for the most part wore the traditional look of cool reserve; the men themselves moved with a kind of splendid carelessness; many were singing; all were smiling and jesting—and so they swung gaily past, with that haunting rhythm which rises from marching feet, going forward, most of them, as they knew but too well, to certain death. There followed the machine guns; the field kitchens, steaming comfortably and reassuringly, rattled by; all the paraphernalia of regimental well-being swept past, but it was the contagious inner, united spirit of that regimental life which stayed with us; which dominated and inspired us; for to us it was symbolic of Allied aims and hopes. Then away in the distance died the sound of fife and drum; away marched those men never to return; but the memory of them can never fade; they live again and will always live, in the hearts of those of us who saw them pass that day.

Routine life in our blind ward continued for a while longer (though the rumours of evacuation were not lacking), but many of our men who had been there when I first arrived had been sent to the base, and while in each case the usual promises never to lose touch were made, when the unavoidable and painful moment of parting came, all these men, so carefully tended, passed, as a rule, one after another, out of our lives—that was, of course, the fortune of war. Occasionally a letter to the head nurse would reach us, with news of those who had gone to the rear; but for the most part, there was silence. Some of our original blind stayed on, however, stayed on for one reason or another, and among these was a man we proudly called "our orderly". This did not mean that he was our *only* orderly, for we were well supplied with these necessary hospital appendages; the title signified a special admiration, affection and trust on the part of everyone in our ward, whether staff or patient. "Our orderly's" name was Jim, and although beside being blind he had lost most of his right arm and half of his left hand, at least his legs were intact, and his

heart never for a moment failed him (or us!), and there seemed to be little or nothing he could not do, from tying a bow-knot (his teeth helped him in that case), to making beds and "washing up". He was a paragon, and our ward was intensely proud of him and jealous of his good name. Jim was never for a moment idle. When there seemed to be nothing particular to do, he would prowl about in search of work of which he was avaricious; so, of course, he always found it. In one sense, he was everybody's pet—tousle-headed (he had the delightful kind of hair which scornfully repudiates cultivation of any sort), always good-natured and willing, long-suffering and with a human understanding which far surpassed his years. But he was no milksop. He made me think of a wise old shepherd dog, watchful and patient and gentle when things were going as they should, but quick to show his fangs when ward laws were deliberately broken, or insubordination threatened. "Nah then, nah then, none o' that, I tells yer!" you would hear his voice raised in warning to some delinquent, though you never quite knew how (being stone blind) he had scented mischief, sometimes from afar. Jim had lost his eyes, but he had never lost his wits, and not one of us could imagine the ward without him.

The C. O. who, in his "unofficial moments" was a great tease—the men adored him—also had an affection for Jim, and one day, coming unexpectedly into the ward, he noticed "our orderly" who was labouring, under peculiarly adverse circumstances, over some self-appointed task.

"Jim!" called the C. O. sharply, in mock severity.

"Our orderly", hearing the familiar voice, stood rigidly at attention, and saluted—at least he intended it for a salute. But he had some difficulty in making it for the reason that the wound in his left hand was again giving him trouble, and had that very morning been swathed in heavy dressings which made it look more like a suet pudding than anything else, while, his right arm being gone, he could not call upon that in his dilemma. Equal to the occasion and quite unabashed, however, he saluted with the only thing he had, and that suet pudding raised jauntily to the side of his cap (his cap which he insisted on wearing most of the time, and always on the back of his head), gave him a pleasantly impudent air.

"Sir!" answered Jim, gravely and still at attention.

"I am afraid you are getting lazy, Jim," growled the C. O., the severity of his tone unchanged, "I don't like the look of things."

"Yes sir," said Jim, modestly and expectantly.

"Here you are, wasting your time as usual! Why don't you get to work at something? You are getting to be an out-and-out slacker!"

"*Yes* sir!" said Jim again, this time with a broad grin, while the rest of us laughed delightedly at the suggestion that Jim had grown lazy.

"The slacker", as we now sometimes called him, continued, however, to be our prop and mainstay, and when at last, late one afternoon, we got our marching orders, and knew that the hospital was to be evacuated—and, with the usual military precipitation, evacuated that very night—Jim, hearing the news, rose gallantly to the occasion.

It is amazing how quickly a large war-time hospital can be moved, for, quite apart from the wounded and the personnel (surgeons, nurses, orderlies, cooks, etc.), there is the complicated "machinery" of operating theatres, sterilizing plants, tents to be packed, kitchens to be closed—a long list. Our hospital was well organized, and the moment the news reached us, each member of the staff got to work at his or her particular post. I, being somewhat like Jim, a kind of "handy man"—though very far from being as handy as he was—fetched and carried, ran errands or helped in the ward as the case might be. The afternoon was already far advanced; it was the close of a bright, crisp autumn day, when the sun, an unusual sight, had cheered us; but it meant that when darkness fell we were more than likely to have an air raid, as on most clear nights, and there was no time to lose, for a raid in the midst of evacuating a hospital is not a situation to be courted. In our particular ward, we began at once to get our blind men ready for the journey, and strange as it may seem, many of them did not want to go. They had got used to their surroundings, to us and to the routine. With a natural hesitation, they realized that they were re-entering the old life which, now that they were blind, would be new and strange to them. No wonder that they looked on this move with mixed feelings! As for us—well, we could not bear to part from them, though we knew it was best that they should go. You get so desperately attached to men who have come to you shattered and torn, and whom you have watched struggle bravely and little by little, day by day, back to life—perhaps this is especially so when they are blind. The actual preparing of our men for their journey to the rear, took more time than I, at least, had anticipated. It was a comparatively easy matter to give out socks, shoes, overcoats and such things; also to get each of our men into them when the moment came; the real difficulty and delay began with the packing up of their personal belongings, for each had his special "treasures", generally tied in a handkerchief or bit of sacking, and each treasure had to be carefully felt (eyes being gone), handled, sorted from the rest. It afforded me some questionable amusement (if not a natural feminine recoil, nearer to a pang), to discover that a common object of highest value to many of them—one that they absolutely must "take home"—was the particular piece of shrapnel extracted from their wounds while under ether, and saved for them by earnest request. So the time passed all too rapidly, but by patient industry our men were at last quite ready, and waiting for the signal which would tell us that it was time for them to go.

Meanwhile, out in the park, preparations for departure were well under way. Inside the dim recesses of the tents, nurses and orderlies could be seen busily at work over their men, particularly over the severe cases. The men who were up and about could shift for themselves, but some were really in no condition to be transported at all, and medical officers stood in earnest consultation over acute cases. Tent bags had been carefully stacked outside the tents, ready for instant packing as soon as the tents should be empty, and along the avenue, with a traffic sergeant in charge, a long line of ambulances waited. The afternoon was gone; the sun had set in a final blaze of glory, and dusk was now

gathering. The C. O. stood in the twilight, on the steps of the château, watching the work of removal. It was a busy scene. Out of the huge hospital tents, stretchers were already being brought with wounded men, wrapped in heavy blankets; then, the ambulances began slowly to move forward for loading; the stretchers one by one, were carefully and noiselessly slid into their grooves, and:

"Full? Move on there!" sounded the low, business-like voice of the traffic sergeant who was in full control of this army on wheels.

Not a light was to be seen, save once in a while the sudden, sharp spurt of an electric torch, as quickly extinguished as it had been lit. Out of the deepening gloom, ambulance after ambulance rolled up, was filled, and then rolled off again—out through the park gates, invisible in the darkness, out and beyond to the high road, out, and then lost in the night. It was a world of strange, moving shadows, and hardly a sound near at hand except the grating of the ambulance wheels on the driveway, and the even, methodical voice of the traffic sergeant, with his ever-repeated:

"Full? Move on there!"

The sky was now a fathomless, dark vault, and one by one the stars came out; it was a perfect night for a raid. Over there, beyond Ypres, the guns were booming (they never seemed still for a moment), and up from the horizon shot wide, vivid flashes like sheet lightning, leaping, terrible and splendid; awful with its hidden force. Now and then, a sudden, deep-crimson stain, like life-blood gushing from the open wounds of dying men, flooded the east—an S.O.S. signal from some lonely outpost in dire need of help. The stretcher-bearers toiled on; the long line of shadowy ambulances continued to roll up, load and move off—the line was interminable. Then, above the dark masses of the trees, a great, round, harvest moon came sailing—and what a woeful harvest of human lives it looked down upon! It bathed the whole park in a silvery mist, illuminating the silently moving figures of the stretcher-bearers with their heavy burdens; the bulky outlines of the ambulances; shining with a cruel and revealing beauty on the old, grey walls of the château, making it a fine mark for "night birds" passing overhead.

"Sergeant!" called the C. O. sharply.

"Here sir!"—the low, even voice, with its monotonously repeated command, was interrupted for a moment.

"How much longer is this going to last? It's not exactly the night for an evacuation, is it!"

"We're gettin' on, sir," was all the sergeant replied.

I had been watching this kaleidoscopic scene from the obscurity of the cavernous entrance hall which stretched behind the spot where the C. O., out on the steps, was standing. The blind men from our ward had been brought downstairs, and were assembled here until their turn for departure came. The indefatigable Jim was everywhere; weaving himself carefully between the stretchers; "nosing" his blind way about, now here, now there, like the good old shepherd dog he was. He needed no light to guide him; those blind eyes of his saw all that was necessary, and instinctively he reached the side of some

suffering comrade, stretched out under his blankets, waiting patiently but wearily for the next move.

At last our men were summoned; it was the turn of the blind ward to take its place in that long line of departing ambulances; to be carried away from us into the night. No time now for good-byes—moreover they had already been said, repeatedly; the order to march was given, and off they moved in the care of the orderlies and stretcher-bearers. Some of the nurses, I among them, were not to leave until the next day, and we stood there in the doorway and watched those men of ours swept from us—for that was the way we felt about it. Those on stretchers were slipped quickly into their places in the ambulances, and, in the dark interiors, were lost to us instantly and for ever; those who were "sitting" cases climbed into other ambulances as well as they could, and, as always:

"Full? Move on there!" came the unfaltering voice of the traffic sergeant.

Jim was the last to clamber in (he had begged to stay behind to help "tidy up like", but of course he had to go with the rest), and the last I ever saw of him was his tousled head thrust out at the end of the ambulance, between the flaps, the clear moonlight shining on his good, eager face as, with the stump of his right arm, he waved a silent farewell toward the place where he thought we stood. Then, down the long avenue rolled those ambulances, full of our blind men—men who were going back to their old-new world, where old-new people would have to learn to understand them all over again—out through the park gates, now once more made visible by the brilliant moonlight; down the straight, white highroad, and so away.

They had hardly disappeared when the alarm sounded to warn us of a raid. Too late now to call them back from that merciless, white road where every moving speck could be seen from above, even at a height; with nothing between them and the enemy-infested heavens, except the frail top of an ambulance. We were helpless. With the first warning note, the steady stream of stretcher-bearers had ceased; everyone who could do so, took cover, and for the time, no more ambulances rolled up; the C. O. and the traffic sergeant withdrew. Suddenly, through the pearly loveliness of the moon-lit night, another sound pulsed—the *ron-ron* of enemy planes; and so clear and bright was the upper air, that the two dark, swift-moving shapes could be seen, like great, ink-black rooks, as they swooped low over us, while the roar of the motors was deafening. But evidently we were not the prey they were out after that night, for they only dropped one bomb, which did little harm, and they passed on rapidly. A few minutes later, however, we were left in no doubt of their real object, for off in the direction which our ambulances had taken, came the roar of repeated explosions, one after another—it was the railway station they were bombing; the railway where the hospital trains were rapidly being filled to carry our men away to the interior and to safety. We waited in an agony of suspense; to continue sending our men from the now comparative security of our half-evacuated hospital to the railway which had suddenly become a centre of trouble, was not to be thought of; but the question uppermost in our minds was: What has happened to those of our men who are already there?

An hour later, the news came back to us, brought by the returning ambulances. That raid had caught our men in their most helpless state. In spite of the many Red Cross signs and flags, displayed most carefully so as to be visible from the sky, bombs had been dropped on the trains which were waiting for departure and full of wounded; on the incoming ambulances; on the wounded who were in process of being transferred from ambulance to train. The raiders had been flying very low (we had noticed that as they passed over us), so that every bomb dropped in that clear moonlight, had taken effect; the aim had been sure, the casualties frightful. The blind ward had suffered badly, and our poor Jim, with many others, lay dead. The last that anyone knew of him alive was when, in the consternation of that terrible moment, he was seen to seize the arms of two men more newly blind than himself, and to be guiding them, by that extraordinary instinct of his, to cover—to a place of safety which, however, they did not have time to reach. This was told me by the driver who had been in charge of Jim's ambulance.

It was well past midnight before the evacuation could be continued, and meantime, with the usual sudden and disconcerting change of weather, a heavy thunder-storm had gathered and broken over us, violently dissipating the silvery enchantment of the moon-lit night. In the end, however, the damaged trains were again made up, and our remaining men sent on; the remaining hospital tents were emptied, folded and packed, ready for shipping; the last of the waiting ambulances disappeared, most of the staff going with them, and a strange and ghostly loneliness settled on those of us who were left. The wind which had now risen to a gale, howled round the shivering walls of the old château, so lately echoing to the sound of many voices; the windows shook and creaked, and our world was drowned, obliterated in the dreary wash of the rain. For the rest of that night we worked on, attending to the final closing of our hospital. Little was said, but our hearts were in our throats. Of those dear men of ours, so lately in these very rooms, how many were lying dead!

At last the grey, drenched dawn appeared, and found us ready for departure. For the last time I wandered through the rooms and corridors, so familiar, but now so empty; I stood for a brief moment in the dank garden, under the dripping trees. The rain fell heavily, noisily, in a steady, dismal slant; the sharp bite of the early autumn morning was in the air; leaves, damp and sodden, drifted aimlessly down, and lay, just as they had fallen, on the soaking ground below—it was a place of memories only. Sadly I turned back and re-entered the old château, joining the other nurses who had gathered at the front entrance, and in another few minutes we were off; but as we drove away—down the long, silent avenue, where only the night before the endless lines of ambulances had passed—I heard the pounding of the great guns over toward Passchendaele, reminding me of what our troops were enduring and must continue to endure (for how much longer, God only knew!), there in that sanguinary Ypres salient, where the fight was still at its fiercest.

VOLUNTEER.

(To be continued)

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Ancient began by suggesting that the Centenary of the birth of H. P. B.—of Madame H. P. Blavatsky—must in the nature of things take precedence over all else, including consideration of the recent Convention, important as that event was.

"I am especially anxious", he said, "that inquirers shall not misunderstand the attitude of responsible students of Theosophy toward her. We do not regard her as a goddess, or as an Avatar, or as infallible, or as some supernatural manifestation of spiritual power and wisdom; but we are grateful to her, really beyond expression, for what she did for *us*. And because the world as a whole, when it knows as much as her name, is still inclined to malign and slander her, though largely from habit and as an undiscriminating echo of the prejudiced criticism of fifty years ago,—we are bound in honour and by common decency to declare what we know, either from actual experience of her, or of the effect of her life's work.

"There are the most absurd misconceptions concerning her; for instance, that she was an enemy of religion, an enemy of established faiths. To the day of her death she was a member of the Russian Orthodox Church, and not infrequently went to her Church to pray. This does not mean, of course, that she accepted the dead-letter interpretation of its doctrines. On the contrary, it was partly because of her ability to explain the spiritual and mystical significance of such doctrines and those of the other great religions of the world, and to establish their common origin in the ancient Mysteries and Wisdom Religion—thus making religion itself understandable and practicable—that some of us are so grateful to her. In the very early days of the Movement (1883), accused of trying to force her personal views upon others, she replied (*The Theosophist*, vol. iv, p. 274, footnote):

> "We can assure our correspondent that we do nothing of the kind. When challenged to give out our views, we do so, adding every time that they are our own personal views, and as such—since we do not believe ourselves infallible—are not to be taken as final truths. Instead of preaching our own religion, we implore every one to first study his own, and remain in it, whatever it is. Besides which, theosophy is compatible with every religion, the world over. There were thaumaturgists in every creed, and mysticism has as much room in idolatrous as in monotheistic systems. Theosophy is the culmination and the practical demonstration of the *truths* underlying every creed. . . . Theosophy is simply the informing life of every creed and of every religion, and goes to prove their *raison d'être*, instead of their negation.

"Then she is accused—as if it were an offence in itself—of having performed

phenomena. Well, she did perform phenomena; but why? First let me say that, the world being what it is, I, for one, almost certainly should never have heard of Theosophy in this life, if it had not been for the abuse she deliberately drew upon herself by what she called her 'psychological tricks.' That she suffered intensely in consequence was part of the sacrifice she had accepted with her eyes wide open. Second, what was the more immediate purpose of her phenomena? Avowedly, not so much to kill the superstitions of Spiritualism, which were rampant at that time, as to prove that there was far more to be learned from Spiritualism than its devotees imagined,—namely, that there are psychic powers latent in man which point to the existence of other powers within him, infinitely higher than those of the psychic plane. This she accomplished by reproducing the more note-worthy phenomena of Spiritualism—the precipitation of messages, the ringing of non-physical bells, and so forth—in broad daylight, without paraphernalia or preparation, by her own trained will and imagination, and by her acquired control of astral 'lives' which she described as elementals. Always she declared, 'You can do what I can do, if you choose to cultivate your inner faculties.' In other words, she did not do these things to parade her own superiorities, but to convict mankind in general of worshipping the material at the expense of more real powers, as a preliminary step toward convincing us of our divine origin and possibilities. Invariably she pointed from herself to those infinitely greater than she was, and whom she loved and reverenced with all the intensity of her gigantically intense nature.

"Her method, and her attitude toward her own phenomena, are well shown in an incident and conversation which W. Q. Judge recorded in *The Path* (April, 1894), as having taken place in 1876 or 1877, while she was living in West 34th Street, New York. Judge had been asking her about Spiritualism. She replied:

> " 'It is nearly all done by elementals. Now I can make them tap anywhere you like in this room. Select any place you wish.' [I pointed to a hard plaster wall-space free from objects.] 'Now ask what you like that can be answered by taps.'
>
> "*Q.* 'What is my age?' *Taps:* the correct number.
>
> "*Q.* 'How many in my house?' *Taps:* right.
>
> "*Q.* 'How many months have I been in the city?' *Taps:* correct.
>
> "*Q.* 'What number of minutes past the hour by my watch?' *Taps:* right.
>
> "*Q.* 'How many keys on my ring?' *Taps:* correct.
>
> "*H. P. B.* 'Oh bosh! Let it stop. You won't get any more, for I have cut it off. Try your best. They have no sense; they got it all out of your own head, even the keys, for you know inside how many keys are on the ring, though you don't remember; but anyhow I could see into your pocket and count the number, and then that tapper would give the right reply. There's something better than all that magic nonsense.'

"H. P. B. dreaded and detested the publicity which resulted from Olcott's exploitation of her 'powers'; but she not only submitted to it; she lent herself to it,—as part of the sacrifice which her mission involved. Olcott, on the other

hand, was completely in his element. She did her utmost to minimize her 'powers', often attributing to one or another of the Masters, as her superiors, the more remarkable of the phenomena she performed. Something of this, though only something, is indicated in another conversation with Judge, recorded in the article I have already quoted, while there are passages in the so-called *Mahatma Letters* which refer to it directly. Judge reports her as having said:

> " 'If you think Master is going to be always precipitating things, you mistake. Yes, he can do it. But most of the precipitations are by chêlas who would seem to you almost Masters. I see his orders, and the thoughts and words he wishes used, and I precipitate them in that form; so does * * * and one or two more.'
>
> " 'Well, what of their handwritings?'
>
> " 'Anything you write is your handwriting, but it is not your personal handwriting, generally used and first learned if you assume or adopt some form. Now you know that Masters' handwritings, peculiar and personal to themselves, are foreign both as to sound and form—Indian sorts, in fact. So they adopted a form in English, and in that form I precipitate their messages at their direction. Why B——— almost caught me one day and nearly made a mess of it by shocking me. The message has to be seen in the astral light in *fac-simile*, and through that astral matrix I precipitate the whole of it. It's different, though, if Master sends me the paper and the message already done. That's why I call these things "psychological tricks". The sign of an objective wonder seemed to be required, although a moment's thought will show it is not proof of anything but occult ability. Many a medium has had precipitations before my miserable self was heard of. But blessed is the one who wants no sign. You have seen plenty of these things. Why do you want to ask me? Can't you use your brain and intuition? I've sampled almost the whole possible range of wonders for you. Let them use their brains and intuition with the known facts and the theories given.'

"One more quotation from the same article in *The Path*,—which I want to read for the benefit of students, rather than that of chance inquirers into Theosophy. H. P. B. sometimes attributed phenomena to Masters which she performed personally, in order to conceal the extent of her own 'powers', but also for the simple reason that her passionate devotion to the Masters, who had commissioned her to found the Theosophical Society, meant that she would squander her own life-force unlimitedly if, by so doing, she could spare them the use of their time and energies. But there was another and vitally important reason why it was her duty to act herself, in their place, whenever possible. This was explained by her to Judge—though indirectly—in the following words:

> " 'Look here; here's a man who wants to know why the Masters don't interpose at once and save his business. They don't seem to remember what it means for a Master to use occult force. If you explode gunpowder to split a rock you may knock down a house. There is a law that if a White Magician uses his occult power, an equal amount of power may be used by the Black one. Chemists invent powders for explosives and wicked men may use them.

> You force yourself into Master's presence and you take the consequences of the immense forces around him playing on yourself. If you are weak in character anywhere, the Black ones will use the disturbance by directing the forces engendered to that spot and may compass your ruin. It is so always. Pass the boundary that hedges in the occult realm, and quick forces, new ones, dreadful ones, must be met. Then if you are not strong you may become a wreck for that life. This is the danger. This is one reason why Masters do not appear and do not act directly very often, but nearly always by intermediate degrees. What do you say,—"the dual forces in nature"? Precisely, that's just it; and Theosophists should remember it.'

"There are very few students of Theosophy, even to-day, who appreciate the significance and ramifications of that law.

"People who accuse her of fraud in connection with her phenomena, do not understand what they are talking about. She was not only supremely honest and fearless—recklessly so, at times—but did not need, from any standpoint, to put pretence in the place of actuality. That she possessed occult powers of an unusual kind, hundreds if not thousands of people all over the world, knew. That she characterized her phenomena as 'psychological tricks', everyone knows. That this might mean that a letter, which appeared to be fluttering down from the ceiling, was not fluttering at all, but already lay on the table—its perception inhibited, and the illusion of fluttering from the ceiling created, by her trained will and imagination—is entirely conceivable; but in that case, which would have been the more remarkable phenomenon of the two: the descent of a letter from the ceiling, or the inhibition and creation which I have suggested as a possible alternative? If she used the method which required the least expenditure of occult (vital) force, what wonder! People are such idiots about these things. In those days, as Sinnett very clearly, though unconsciously, shows in his *Occult World*, he and most of his fellow-members, drained her, morning, noon and night, by their craze for phenomena. He was a materialist, like most of those who came after him—Mrs. Besant included—in spite of adopting the language of Theosophy. There was not even a streak of mysticism in their make-up. It was the Karma of the nineteenth century. So they were satisfied with nothing less than seeing and touching,—*things;* and H. P. B. supplied them with things which they thought they were seeing and touching. In comparison with her, they were children—in some cases hard-hearted, in other cases emotional children—even as we are children in comparison with the real self of that extraordinary woman; but they did not have sense enough to know it, as I hope we have. Hence many of them decided in later years that she had deceived them, in this instance or in that, when, in fact, as she said, she had never deceived anyone, though she had often been compelled, for their own protection, to allow others to deceive themselves. Occultism deals with terrific forces, and is not a study for babes. On many occasions, doubtless, she was obliged to meet their insistence as a mother meets some of the questions of her child. What vanity,—to think that *she* owed *them* the truth! Nothing she wanted more ardently than to be able to give them the truth. Can an eagle tell the truth, as

it sees the truth, to a mole, or a lion share its experience with a mouse? I wonder. Yet the gulf between such creatures is no greater than that which divided the world in which H. P. B. often functioned, and the world of Sinnett and others,—of others who, unlike Sinnett, sat at the feet of H. P. B. adoringly, and called her their Teacher, and thought themselves humble—and were not.

"That she had perfect control over her instrument—her personality—no one, with any knowledge of the facts, would suggest; but, properly understood, her very limitations can only add to our sense of gratitude, because of what she accomplished in spite of them. She was a woman, and was deeply sensitive to public abuse and ridicule, suffering terribly, and often needlessly, especially when accused of being a Russian spy, and far more so when some Russian newspaper accused her of having adversely criticized the government of the Czar: for, in her personality, she was a patriotic Russian aristocrat to her finger-tips.

"However", the Ancient concluded, "she is an inexhaustible subject. Perhaps, after all, the best testimony to her character and achievement—and incidentally to those of W. Q. Judge, her chêla—was the recent Convention of the Society she founded, a report of which will be published in the July [this] issue of the QUARTERLY. Many of those who were present will know that for reasons not of the surface, as well as for reasons quite obvious, that Convention *proved* the essentials of her mission and message to the world."

"I should like to speak of one accusation that has been brought against her", the Student now volunteered, "to which you did not refer, and which was echoed a few days ago in a newspaper review of a book, purporting to give an account of her life, but based entirely upon the memoirs of that rotten specimen, her cousin, Count Witte, who knew nothing about her at first hand, and merely served up the gossip of his low associates. The reviewer, quite ignorant of his subject, of course accepted without question the worst possible view of her, including the fiction that she was dirty, frowzy, and most unpleasant to look at. The book itself adds that she swore like a trooper, which again is an echo of a very old and foolish slander.

"I wrote to Mr. Johnston about this, and received, in spite of his illness, the following reply:

" 'In all the years that I knew her, H. P. B. was invariably scrupulously neat, and this, in spite of her invalidism. One of her frequent visitors, a well-known American actor, said to her more than once in my hearing: "H. P. B., you are the best dressed *big* woman I have ever seen!" This, of her ordinary costume. For years, she had a very competent French maid, Louise, to look after her; and she had the devoted ministrations of the Countess Wachtmeister and the other ladies of her household. She had excellent manners—or, better, an excellent manner,—always the *grande dame*, even when "discussing" with B. K. the details of his Karma! She did say "damn", but I never heard her use, or heard of her using, an expression that was in any way gross.' "

"The Countess Wachtmeister", another old member commented, "was the daughter of the Marquis de Bourbel, whose family went back to long before the Norman Conquest. She married her cousin, Count Wachtmeister, while the

latter was Swedish and Norwegian Minister in London. She lived there, under the eye, so to speak, of Queen Victoria, for three years, and then for two years at the Court of Denmark, which produced the style and code of Queen Alexandra. Almost necessarily she was a woman of the greatest personal refinement, —as all who knew her can testify, and she was widely known in this country. She was not rich according to present standards, but was of entirely independent means, and, when a widow, lived with H. P. B., in constant personal attendance, in various parts of the Continent and later in London. Could she have been as devoted as she undoubtedly was, if H. P. B. had been the kind of woman her enemies—especially those who never set eyes on her—describe!

"As to saying 'damn': in England, forty or fifty years ago, if a girl in society had said it, she would have been ostracized; it was unheard of. Oddly enough, it was considered the privilege of elderly Duchesses, and that sort of person, to use that word if they felt like it. I remember calling on an old lady once, the daughter of an Earl and the wife of a Baron—a woman of great dignity—and feeling secretly rather embarrassed (I was young!) when, with perfect quietude and poise, but with considerable emphasis, she 'damned' her butler for lack of respect in announcing the arrival of 'a person of the name of ———', who was obviously of the lower class, and whom the butler considered beneath him, but who was a cripple, and a protégé of Lady ———'s, visiting her at her request and as *her guest*, and who *therefore* was entitled to the same respect as a Duke, etc., etc. Never the flicker of an eyelash on either side. The butler was used to it!

"A corresponding 'privilege' existed among the older women of a certain rank in most Continental countries, especially in Russia and Austria, and H. P. B. belonged by right to their world. If anyone ever was cosmopolitan, she was.

"This does not mean that such women (least of all, H. P. B.) were coarse in their language. Coarseness of any kind would have been regarded as unpardonable,—as it for ever is, whether in men or in women, in any walk of life.

"Another matter: I, too, read the review to which the Student referred. The reviewer, after quoting with approval and gusto the statement that her wrapper was 'apt' (his word!) to be 'discoloured by droppings of greasy food', added, as conclusion to that part of his anathema, that 'she was among the pioneers of the cigarette.'

"What nonsense, and what provincialism! As a Russian, H. P. B. belonged to the grade of the minor nobility, of whom some did and some did not belong in Court circles. In her day, all the Russian women of her class smoked, unless personal idiosyncrasy prevented it. The same thing was true in Austria and in parts of Germany. Nearly all the Royalties smoked. At least one of Queen Victoria's daughters smoked cigars. The present Queen of England smoked cigarettes when she was a girl, though she probably stopped doing so when the habit became vulgarized, as it is to-day.

"All children are provincial, sometimes amusingly so; but there is no excuse for it in a 'grown-up' who is supposed to be educated. As a small boy, visiting a fashionable German Spa with my parents, I was almost dumfounded at the sight of a large, stout, imposing-looking Baroness, of unquestionable respectability,

massively making her way from a *Brunnen* to her Hotel, smoking a black cigar which an amazed imagination insisted was the biggest I had ever seen. That was, I think, in 1879 or 1880, when H. P. B. was almost at the beginning of her public career. 'Pioneer of the cigarette'! They must be hard up indeed to add *that* to the list of her offences."

"It is not only right, but necessary, to do one's duty", said the Historian at this point, "and there is a kind of duty which it would be criminal to leave undone. For us, it is that kind of duty to speak in defence of H. P. B. and of Judge. Fortunately we have been trained to 'abandon the fruits of action', because the fruit of our defence is likely to be invisible in *this* world for a very long time to come! It is best to face the fact that people are not interested in spiritual qualities and powers, and are incapable of recognizing, still less of appreciating them. Patience! as Judge used to say.

"Furthermore, 'believing in H. P. B.' does not necessarily do a man the least good, any more than 'believing' in Christ, or in Buddha. To 'believe' and never to do, or to believe in a totally false picture, may be worse than no belief at all. In any case, there are thousands of so-called Theosophists whose humility, for instance, is no greater for their 'belief' in H. P. B.,—and, may be, less.

"Meanwhile, we must not only do our duty, but must try to do it as H. P. B. and Judge did theirs,—with the utmost possible zeal.

"If I may add a word to what others have said, it seems to me that H. P. B.'s outstanding quality was her heroism. She was heroic in everything,—in her sacrifice, in her labour, in her devotion, and in all other ways; and, as we have often been reminded in the QUARTERLY, it is only a virtue carried to the point of heroism, that the Masters find *compelling*. She was built on heroic lines, which, in itself, would make her too big for the modern world to see. Yet in the Lodge, when she returned to it, she was greeted with the *Ave!* due a Conqueror."

"I move we adjourn", said the Student.

"One moment please", the Recorder interposed. "A friend in England sent me a cutting from the London *Times* of March 15th—a letter to the editor from Frank H. Simonds, an American, whose despatches during the World War will be remembered by most of you as among the best. I believe it will be of interest to many of our members. It is dated from Paris, is headed 'The State of Europe', and reads as follows:

> "Sir,—Nearly six months spent as a journalist in Berlin and Warsaw, in the Polish Corridor and on the Franco-Italian frontier, in Geneva and in Paris, have left me with a very clear impression, which I venture to ask space for in *The Times*.
>
> "Although at the moment the National-Socialist movement in Germany seems in disarray, it has already accomplished one clear result. It has, in fact, consolidated German opinion of every colour behind a programme; and this programme is unmistakable. Henceforth, every German Government will demand as the price of co-operation with other European countries the revision of the eastern frontiers, Anschluss, parity in armament, which means to-day rearmament, and, finally, the abolition of Reparations.

"My visit in Poland made it perfectly clear that, as to revision, Poland, whether supported by France or abandoned, whether faced by Germany singly or together with Soviet Russia, will fight. Anyone in the least familiar with what is going on behind the scenes knows that Czechoslovakia will oppose Anschluss to the death. You cannot spend a day in France now without feeling that not alone in Paris but all over the country popular feeling has been roused, and that there is a hardening of national sentiment, which may yet produce a domestic political explosion, and will certainly dictate an uncompromising stand alike on revision, rearmament, and Anschluss. As to Reparations, that issue can for the moment be ignored.

"Put at the lowest estimate, the whole European atmosphere is to-day more tense than at any time since the occupation of the Ruhr, and in many unpleasant details recalls the conditions of the immediate pre-War period.

"In the face of this situation preparations are going forward for a Disarmament Conference next year. Moreover, in the course of my travels I have discussed the prospects of that Conference with not less than a dozen foreign Ministers. Not one of them has hesitated to say that the Conference could only lead to disaster, because it was condemned to be the battle-ground between a German Government which, to live, must press the issue of rearmament, and the French, Polish, and Czech Governments, which to survive would have to defend a security which their own publics, now thoroughly disturbed, regard as essential. Europe is, then, confronted by the danger of one more unprepared Conference in circumstances which must recall those of Genoa in 1922, but with far graver possibilities. What, moreover, is most striking to the American is that, while Mr. Henderson, M. Briand, and Dr. Curtius continue to talk of co-operation and understanding, the atmosphere, not only in France and Germany but in all Europe, has so completely changed that the man in the street everywhere sneers at the idea or sadly confesses that absence of faith which is fatal.

"It is an open secret that if she fails to carry her point Germany will leave the League. It is equally obvious that were Germany to prevail Poland would be driven to quit. In a word, the state of mind in Europe almost certainly forecasts a failure at Geneva as complete as that of the once notorious First Hague Conference, a failure which could prove as fatal to the new peace establishment in Switzerland as the earlier meeting was to the experiment in Holland.

"In the light of these undisputed and generally recognized facts, is not the postponement of the Geneva meeting the obvious course of intelligent statesmanship? Or must one conclude that not even the preservation of peace is a sufficient justification for the postponement of a Disarmament Conference?

"I see no need to comment."

T.

T·S·ACTIVITIES

REPORT OF THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

Morning Session

The Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society was called to order at 64 Washington Mews, New York, on the morning of Saturday, April 25th, 1931, at 10.30. After the necessary preliminaries, Mr. H. B. Mitchell, who had been elected Chairman of the Convention, spoke as follows:—

Address of the Chairman

The Chairman: We are all keenly conscious to-day that Mr. Johnston is not here to welcome us as is his wont. All of you know he has been ill. All of you will be glad to know that he seems now much better; and though it is not possible for him to be here this morning, as he would wish, we hope he will soon be out again. Meanwhile it is for me to try to take his place in extending to you the welcome of your Executive Committee, and something which is deeper and greater than any greeting they could give. It is a greeting which I think we are made to feel less by words than in the silences, when the Voice of the Silence itself welcomes us,—and welcomes us home.

In attempting to speak of that greeting, we face a difficulty which runs through all we say at these Conventions. It arises from the fact that our Society rightly means so many different things to different people. The Movement is so wide and deep, Theosophy is so inclusive, that it must speak in different ways and at different levels to different hearts. Therefore it is not easy to summarize what it says. It speaks in silence, and when one tries to echo it back in words, one becomes conscious of the inadequacy of those words, and perceives that they at best reflect but one of many facets. We therefore have to remind ourselves of this at the start, to avoid confusion. As Mr. Judge said, Theosophy is like the ocean, so shallow at the shore that a child can wade and play there, picking up the pebbles; but beyond, there are unplumbed depths. Those who speak of what Theosophy is, presuming to measure it, are, in reality, measuring themselves—reflecting the limits of their own ability to understand it. For to what Theosophy offers there are no limits: the only limits are a man's ability to receive.

Therefore, no matter how I may speak of Theosophy and the Theosophical Movement, there will be some to whom it will seem that I say too much, so that they will only follow in part; and there will be others who will know that I say too little, and who will wonder that such shallow terms can be used for what is so great and deep. Hence in all that can be said, each member must take for himself what he finds true, and supplement for himself what he finds inadequate. Words can be no more than sign-posts, pointing to what each recognizes within himself.

So I come back to the effort to reflect what you are all conscious of: the welcome which the Society itself gives you, the welcome of the Movement. It is said that in the spiritual

sciences, the teacher is to the pupil as father and mother, and the teaching as native land and home. So Theosophy is to us. As one of our delegates said ten minutes ago, to come here is like coming home, and the welcome we feel is a welcome home. But in that home there are "many mansions". Many welcomes blend into one. There is that from the friends and comrades whom we see here; and from those whom we do not see but only feel, our friends and comrades of the past; and beyond that again there is that from the great Masters of Wisdom, who (as many of us believe) initiated the Movement, and who have said, in their graciousness, that they have never deserted the Society but continue to constitute its First Division or Degree. From every level, something speaks to us. There is the voice of the present and of the past—yes, and of the future; there is something from the heights, divine and royal, as well as something very close and intimate and homely.

There are times, perhaps, when some of us, looking back over the years and thinking of those who once were with us, day by day, and are so no longer in the outer work, are tempted to feel that death has made us poorer, taking from us companionship which had been very precious. Perhaps we half feared as we came here, that rich as we should find the present associations, we should yet miss something which we had had, and had no longer; but when we *were* here, and could feel what the silences held for us, all such forebodings must have been wholly swept away. Here the past lives as richly as the present. Here we touch both worlds, and know both. Whether "in the body or out of the body", we feel our comrades' presence, and know that our dead can and do serve the Movement they loved, perhaps more effectively now than ever before, because they are no longer hampered by the veils of personality which are still so obscuring to us. This year Dr. Keightley, who held our love in life, holds it in death; no longer with us outwardly as in the past, he is with us inwardly in a different, but no less real, way. We are the gainers by the years, not the losers.

That the great Lord Buddha lives in Buddhism, that the Lord Christ lives in Christianity, that our great predecessors live in the Movement to which they gave their hearts and lives and all they were—this surely must be the fact. Where else should our dead be, but in the Movement? What else would they wish, save to continue, more and more effectively, the service that they loved? Where else should we find them, save here?

Why is it that this Movement of ours has been so loved and served? We may say we love the Movement because we are its children and belong to it; or we may say that we love it because it is a light brought into our darkness; because, without all that Theosophy means, we should be like men sitting in a room so dark that, though surrounded by all our hearts' desires, we could not see them, nor put out our hands to take them,—so that we starved in the midst of plenty. Theosophy has shown us life's richness, its meaning and possibilities; brought us a Cause worth dying for, and so worth living for, a Cause into which we can pour ourselves, and find life in surrendering life. It brings us truth; it brings us purpose and beauty; it brings us comradeship, friendship, love—all these things; and, greatest of all, to those who seek them, it brings the Masters. We have but to think for a moment, in order to see into what a new world it has admitted us. Look at the life of the world around us. It is easy to seem cynical, but how many of the worldly people that you know are really happy? They may have wealth, learning, charm, power and place, possessions perhaps much to be envied, but if they have not Theosophy, how many do you know who are leading lives which seem, even to themselves, worth while? I think very few. I think that those to whom the light of Theosophy has come, as they look out upon the world unlit by that light, must find it dark and barren—very tragic in its emptiness. Men eat and drink and marry; they can be divorced and marry again; they can strive day and night to be "merry"; and at the end, what have they gained? Is not the greater part of their restless "gaiety" an effort to escape from the knowledge that they are gaining nothing, and, far worse, aspiring to nothing,—holding nothing, giving nothing? We, if we have gained little, yet know that there is much to be gained; that there are transcendent values in life to be attained, in the pursuit of which our lives are well spent.

You will each be able to formulate for yourselves what Theosophy has meant to you, but I am sure there would be some things upon which we should all agree. It shows us a deeper

content in life,—the inner life within the outer, which alone makes the outer life worth while, and which also makes that outer life unnecessary, for it shows us that whatever value is in it, may exist without it. This does not mean that we have, of necessity, to throw away the world, though it may mean that. It means simply that what we seek is independent of the world, something which may be found either in worldly possessions or in the deprivation of them; so that in the one case it shines through possessions and gives value to them, and in the other case makes their deprivation no deprivation, since despite the outer loss the inner value remains. But in all that Theosophy gives, it imposes a trust and makes a demand—the demand that we should be true to the trust. We are shown where riches lie; we are given something of the secret wisdom. This is not revealed to us for ourselves alone. It is given us in trust for all who seek it rightly; and we must keep it available for them. It is a light which we have received from our predecessors and which we must pass on unimpaired to our successors.

Madame Blavatsky told us that something of the same message as she brought, was given by the Lodge to the world in the closing quarter of each century, and that it was left for the world to make such response as it could through the remainder of the hundred year period before the next outgiving. Those who have studied the history of the Movement have traced these cycles, and seen how spiritual light has blazed up in splendour only to die down again, leaving its record in spiritual achievement, but itself passing away,—so that it had to be rekindled in the century that followed. We know that this time the fire has been kept alive, kept flaming in the world, because flaming in hearts and lives that are in the world. The knowledge of the hidden treasure of wisdom, the knowledge of the Lodge and of the possibility of discipleship, have been manifest in the world for longer than ever before. We have spoken of that in many of these Conventions, and of the great opportunity it offers. It is now fifty-six years since the Society was founded and this incarnation of the Movement came into being. We have passed from youth into middle age—a new generation has arisen since the cycle closed—we have run more than half the race that was given us to run.

Having turned the corner, what should we expect to find beyond it? Should we not expect that, as the home-stretch is entered, numbers become less significant? Remember the way polar explorers have made their dash for the pole. They start with a fairly large body of men and provisions, proceed a way, make an advanced base, and send half their force back. The other half goes on, makes a new *cache*, and again half of them turn back. So it continues, until there are few left to make the final stage to the pole itself. We do not need large numbers now. We never have needed them, but now less than ever. If one man knows where a treasure is hid—really knows—can he not show as many others as may be necessary? It is not strange that, as the years pass, our workers are called home to aid in making ready for the new outgoing of the Lodge, in the new cycle—whose way we strive to prepare. We do not need many to prepare the way here, but as our numbers grow fewer we need greater and greater fidelity in those who are left. There is no one of us but has his contribution to make, and who is not counted upon to make that contribution, be it great or small. Sometimes members question this; but each can answer the question for himself, if he will. Whatever a man *is*, that he can give. His contribution is the contribution of his own truth, his own ideal, kept clear and bright before him, lived up to and fulfilled as honestly, faithfully and courageously as in him lies. He is not asked to live another's truth, but he is asked to be true to his own truth, come what may.

There is, then, a demand of honour made upon us—a demand upon our strength, courage, selflessness, above all upon our fidelity; and the question of success or failure, for the future of the Movement, really rests upon whether we rise to that demand. It is no secret that the great hope and ambition for the Movement is that we, having gone so much further than the Movement has ever gone before, having been *pulled* and *pushed* these six years beyond the half-way mark,—that we should continue to the end, complete the cycle, and keep the Movement alive, vigorous and unperverted, until the next Lodge Messenger can come. The way in which our chances of success or failure can be measured is a simple one. It is summed in a single question: are there enough people in the world who love the Move-

ment for itself alone, who so love the theosophic ideal as to seek it for itself? Remember we may be—surely we should be—of that number; so the question becomes a question of our love. I misphrased it,—it is not a question of the number of people, but of the amount of love. One man might be enough, if he loved enough,—as Judge proved.

Picture to yourself your own ideal. Can you love it for itself? Can you seek it for itself, regardless of what may come to you, and, in fidelity to it, turn your back upon all the world may offer? If so, if you can keep the flame bright in your heart, it will kindle a like flame in other hearts, and we need not fear that it will ever lack fuel; but if we ourselves cannot, or do not, so love it, how can we hope that it will be loved in the world? The stream will not rise higher than its source. Our leaders of the past, those whose invisible presence we feel here to-day, had a power of love and sacrifice which was contagious. It caused us reverence and pride, and perhaps our first true humility; but most of all it passed a spark to us, and something in us quickened because of the valour, the truth, the selfless devotion we felt in them.

Theosophy opens a door to a new and far richer life. It enables us to see that wherever we are, in our offices or our homes, whatever be the path through which our duty leads, and whatever be the medium in which we must work,—in that path and through that medium we may still express the highest truths, the richest beauty. One of the greatest of military painters was Meissonier, and he painted on the smallest canvasses. Does it matter how small, if thereon live and breathe figures which bear witness to the truth? The lesson of Theosophy is the lesson of all true art: it does not matter what the medium, or what the scale, art is great in the measure that it reveals and incarnates the spirit, and is perhaps greatest when it shows us most clearly the spirit in common things. So Theosophy shows us that through the common stuff of everyday, we have the opportunity to make live in the world the same great spiritual qualities as animate the Lodge. Fidelity is not less faithful because it manifests in little things.

There is our ideal. If we love it we can follow it; but shall we ever attain it? Let us not delude ourselves, or others. Though you love wisdom, and say you will give your life to its acquirement, do you think when you come to die that you will say: I have attained to wisdom? Though you love beauty, do you think you will ever be able to say: I have made my life a living image of that beauty? Do you think if you love truth, you will ever say: It is mine—I have compassed it? Because if you do, you do not know the thing you say you love. Theosophy, in giving us its gifts, gives us something for ever beyond our reach; and if we are true to them, we shall pursue them unswervingly to height after height, but we shall never be able to attain them. That you must face; and perhaps it takes courage to face it, and more than a little selflessness. There is a story that an aspirant for chêlaship, perceiving that all his life he had failed because of the smallness and insufficiency of his love, prayed to his Master that he might learn to love as his Master did. The answer given him was this: "My son, he who would learn love from me must learn to free it from self."

There lies our problem. Can we free love from self, so that we shall be content to follow on and on, in pursuit of an ever-advancing ideal, which, because of what it is and because it must ever advance, we know we never can attain? Before such knowledge, courage will falter if love be of self; but if it can be made selfless, it will not lack incentive and support. We shall know that if we follow it unswervingly we shall be serving it, bringing more and more of it within the reach of other hearts, opening more room for the heart-doctrine that Theosophy has brought to us.

On this question the success of our Movement hangs. It is a question put to each one of us, and which no man can answer for another, though each one who answers it rightly, helps others to do the same. We move forward to meet our test, helped by one another, yet each required to stand alone; each of us entrusted with this gift from the past intended for the future, this gift from the invisible world meant for the visible world; and each of us accountable for our trusteeship.

There is something more of which I wish specially to speak, and which many of you will have had in mind. Our meeting to-day is more than an anniversary meeting; it is a cen-

tenary meeting,—for this is the hundredth year since Madame Blavatsky was born. She was born on the night between July 30th and 31st, 1831, just a hundred years ago. In view of that, does the end of the cycle, the goal for which we strive, seem so very distant? Does it seem asking too much, when we are celebrating the hundredth year since the birth of the last Lodge Messenger, that we should carry the Movement through to the coming of the next? Can his coming be so very far away?

If we owe anything—*as we owe all*—to those who have preceded us in the Movement, who is there to whose splendour of courage we owe more than to that of Madame Blavatsky? Little by little the world itself is recognizing this. I have here a translation from a French magazine, issued by a union of French publishers to announce each month's new books. It contains a notice of a French edition of the Recollections of Countess Wachtmeister. Here is what is said: "We owe much to H. P. B. for the great moral courage of which she gave proof in presenting to the world thoughts and theories in complete dis-accord with the science of the day. Those theories and facts which at that time provoked only disdain, are now considered worthy of careful study". It is but one of many straws, all agreeing in telling which way the wind is blowing. On all sides we can see how H. P. B.'s work has affected the thought of the world, colouring all it touches, and, not least, the science of to-day. She predicted that this change would come; but I doubt whether she would be pleased by the use which has been made of the ideas thus unconsciously borrowed. As science adopts them, it distorts them, and echoes them back in partial and often very misleading form. We are not wise to look to science for the confirmation of Theosophy. We should rather look to Theosophy to see what of modern science is likely to endure. For science has its fashions—as marked and variable as those in dress—and though we may reverence the selfless quest and honest love of truth which many scientists have shown, we must none the less recognize that, for the most part, they are creatures of their time, and too often epitomize the narrowness and dogmatism of their time. The intellectual seed which H. P. B. sowed has, indeed, proved its fertility; but of the many, who now look with favour upon her ideas, there are few who are ready to emulate her sacrifices. Neither science nor the world can be counted upon as allies, and our work must remain ours. But if we can deepen the recognition that the world is beginning to give to H. P. B., we shall be doing much for the Movement. There should be new incentive in the thought that we can, in this way, give to the coming Lodge Messenger an advantage which no other has ever had—the ability to build directly on the work of his predecessor—on the work of Madame Blavatsky, whose centenary we celebrate. May we use that incentive as she would have us use it,—for the Masters, and the Cause she loved and served.

The Chairman then called for the report of the Executive Committee.

Report of the Executive Committee

Mr. Hargrove: It is with regret that I have to speak for Mr. Johnston in his capacity as Chairman of the Executive Committee, as well as for myself as a member of the Committee, and for the Committee as a whole. All of us must miss Mr. Johnston to-day. He has been very ill, but he is now recovering, and I should like to say that, humanly speaking, his recovery is due to the care and skill and devotion of Dr. Stedman. We shall rejoice when we are able to welcome Mr. Johnston at the next Convention.

While regretting, in the nature of things, that I have to speak on his behalf as well as on my own, I must none the less rejoice at this opportunity to welcome the members and delegates (as the Chairman has already done), and to do so on behalf of the Executive Committee. It is an immense privilege to be here. That is the way all of us feel. I do not believe there is anyone in the room who is not thankful from the depths of his soul that he is here once more as a member of The Theosophical Society. We think of those who have been here, and who are no longer visibly with us. Necessarily we must think this year, first and foremost, of Dr. Keightley, because he was the last to go; because he was beloved by all of you, and because, for some of us, he had been for nearly forty years, one of our closest and

most intimate friends. There can be no need to repeat what was said of him in the QUARTERLY, though think of him, speak of him, we must; and thinking of him, we think all the way back along the line. It is not my purpose to attempt to mention everyone by name, but thinking of Dr. Keightley reminds us of course of Mrs. Keightley, and it would be impossible not to think of Mr. Griscom, of Miss Hillard, General Ludlow, and of splendid workers in Venezuela,—back along the line (I know how many I am omitting) to Judge and to H. P. B.

The Secretary, Miss Perkins, will report later as to the details of the work during the past year. The letters of greeting also will give us an idea of what has been accomplished. I should like to say in advance that when you hear the letters from German-speaking members, both in Germany and in Czecho-Slovakia, I think you will agree with me that they deserve great credit for seeing, in spite of such adverse circumstances—for seeing as, according to their own statements, they do see, that is, in line with the view that is presented in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.

In reviewing the past, one must necessarily speak of the centenary of H. P. B., as Professor Mitchell has already done. The July QUARTERLY, I understand, will give special attention to that great event. Even the world has caught something of its significance. Many books are being written about her, some in favour, some bitterly hostile. I was looking at one yesterday, published in England, by a creature of the name of Roberts. I refer to it because there are bound to be such books. There are so many people in the world with a genuine love of filth, who are absolutely incapable of believing in unselfishness of purpose or purity of life, who resent the suggestion that good can exist in anyone, and who therefore pounce on someone like H. P. B., who is known to be revered by the few, as a shining example of depravity. Writers of that kind do not seem to understand that they simply reveal the hideousness of their own nature. She was one of the greatest and noblest of women. It is inevitable, therefore, that she should arouse in base people, the worst of their baseness.

What do we owe to H. P. B.? Because what we owe to her must be an indication of what we ourselves should try to accomplish as members of The Theosophical Society. Some of us go back in terms of membership a good many years, to a time when things were different from what they are to-day. I am sure that some of you will agree with me that when we first heard of Theosophy, thanks to H. P. B., that which came home most immediately and closely, that which brought light into our darkness, that which solved problems which we had utterly failed to solve, that which created a new life in us, was the reminder that the Lodge of Masters exists as the central fact of our being.

Other Lodge Messengers have revealed other truths, but I do not know of any teacher in the history of the world who has proclaimed, as H. P. B. did, the existence of the Lodge of Masters. I regard that as the supreme contribution she made to religious and spiritual history. Many peoples have of course believed in *a* Master; but in the Lodge of Masters? No,—the declaration of that truth stands out as H. P. B.'s gift. A Brotherhood of just men made perfect,—but more than that, because she threw new light on the character and nature of Masters. Even the "Pale Galilean" was revealed, *not* as that, but as one of the greatest of statesmen and of warriors,—a new picture of human perfection, of human achievement, and of course, incidentally, of the possibilities latent in all men. If you will stop for one moment to compare the pictures of Masters which she brought to us in those early years, and the picture of a Master in general which had existed previously among the followers of different religions, what a gulf! There will be others here who found that old picture of the "Pale Galilean" absolutely repellent, and who, therefore, were grateful beyond all words for this new and yet old truth that she brought to us, and which some since then have verified,—that Masters are totally different. It is a truth that continually needs re-emphasis. Of course, we have to-day not only the letters addressed to Sinnett or to Hume, and published in the *Occult World;* we have volumes of letters attributed to Masters—I should be very sorry to guarantee their authenticity in all cases, but you can exercise your discrimination and decide which among these hundreds of letters rings true, and which not. It is one of the blessings of the Movement that it is impossible to pick on any one letter and say: This

is genuine—this is final—this is the last word on that subject: there would be an end of The Theosophical Society in the real sense of the word, if ever that could be said.

I hope greatly that we have got rid of that false concept of Masters once and for ever, so far as students of Theosophy are concerned. A great many years ago, a fellow member told me of one of his experiences with his own Master. He had been working for the Movement; he was ill, exhausted, in a state of collapse physically. He said he had not been at all conscious of looking for sympathy from his Guru, but suddenly, he heard these words, "Brace up! brace up!" That was all,—a different picture from that of the "Pale Galilean", and if there is anyone who still harbours the idea that Masters are effeminate, he had better get over it. Such was not the picture that H. P. B. gave us. It cannot conceivably be in accordance with the truth. Masters are not, on the one hand, "dessicated pansies"; not, on the other hand, sentimentalists. First, last and all the time, they are first-class fighting men.

I hope you do not feel that, as a member of the Executive Committee, I am compromising you or the Society by this free and easy talk about Masters. Professor Mitchell has already reminded us that no one is obliged to believe in them. In fact, it would be really stimulating if some member here, with sufficient earnestness and ferocity, were to challenge the belief in Masters. It would revive memories of many years ago—one of them, of a time when some of us were in Edinburgh, before a large audience of medical students who were absolutely furious at the idea that such beings as Masters could exist, and were ready to lynch everyone on the platform for daring to suggest it. The arguments of that period are still floating around in the atmosphere, and if someone here were to challenge what has been said about the reality or nature of Masters, instead of being resented, instead of being received with a sense of shock and scandal, it would be welcomed with open arms. We need not worry our heads about orthodoxies at that point.

Of course the other revelation that H. P. B. brought to us—a reminder of what was already known instinctively—was that because of the existence of the Lodge of Masters, because of the nearness of Masters, because of their humanity, discipleship is a present-day possibility: that is to say, knowledge of Masters, growth into the life of Masters, imitation of Masters, conscious communion with Masters,—that that was a possibility for all men who wanted it and would give their lives for it. Talk about a new life, a new outlook on life, a new purpose in life! Truly, former things had passed away—a new heaven and a new earth, and all things were made new!

Yes, what we owe H. P. B. is beyond all words, and what we owe Judge is beyond all words —because Judge carried on the flame which H. P. B. had lighted, and without him, none of us would be here to-day. There is a so-called "Back to Blavatsky" movement. Having followed strange gods for many years, there is a reaction among the wanderers, and they now say "back to Blavatsky". Among them are Mrs. Cleather, William Kingsland and others. What do they say they are trying to do? "Back to Blavatsky" without Judge! They cannot do it. It is impossible to do it. Beware of the people who pretend that they have any contact with the Lodge or with Masters, and who try to leave Judge out as a link in the chain. Beware of the people who set up for having an independent and separate connection of their own, which they have established and created regardless of H. P. B. and of Judge. They are not in contact with the White Lodge. They are in contact with the Black.

Judge was part of H. P. B.'s own soul, and she said so. Judge never set up for being anything in and of himself. He set up for being a disciple of H. P. B., and he *was* one. And he was loyal and faithful to the death. Therefore, please let us remember it. There are times coming, I suppose, when this Society will receive overtures from other societies, to the general purport: Let by-gones be by-gones, and let us all eat out of the same mess. I want to read you something which was written for the "Screen of Time" by a very old member (not myself), and which one of the editors of the QUARTERLY tells me is being carefully preserved for the "Screen". It expresses exactly what I want to convey. "Vile and miserable I am, and utterly unworthy of the least of our Lord's blessings, but never have I nor will I sink so low as to forgive anyone who raised his hand against Judge—never! until those who did so have repented in sackcloth and ashes and proved their repentance through crores of incarnations.

To Judge I owe more than life itself. He fed and nourished my soul, and brought me light and understanding. May he dwell for ever in the Masters' peace."

I like that, which is why I read it. I suppose that according to some people, it does not sound very brotherly. There is no sentimentality about it. But after all, if the Masters are first-class fighting men, there is no sentimentality about them, and loyalty to one's friends, loyalty to one's teachers, is fundamental in manhood. There is no manhood without it. If we owe to H. P. B. our first knowledge of the fact that Masters are virile and not effeminate, then what kind of creatures should we be if we were to throw our arms around the people who attacked and killed Judge? Of course, the truth is, also, that these people are working for totally different purposes. They may call themselves Theosophists if they choose: their activities are the opposite pole from everything we are attempting to accomplish.

Now I should like to try to give an illustration of the light that H. P. B. threw on ancient doctrines. I have spoken of our debt to her because she brought into the world a knowledge of the existence of the Lodge, and of discipleship as a present-day possibility. She also threw light on old teachings which had become for most of us meaningless. Take, for instance, the doctrine of Brahmâ, Vishnu and Shiva, the Hindu Trinity. In India there are Shivites, Vishnuites, and so forth, as narrow and orthodox as any sects in the Christian Church—more so, I think. Let us see what we can get out of that doctrine, as throwing light on the past and future of The Theosophical Society. Brahmâ stands for expansion, exfoliation; Vishnu for preservation; Shiva for death, for contraction, for indrawal. Let us remember that all life of any kind involves the activity of those three aspects of life. If we could understand, for instance, the workings of the physical body, we should find that always, contemporaneously, Brahmâ is active, Vishnu is active, Shiva is active. So it is in the life of The Theosophical Society. During recent years, under the auspices or expression of that aspect of the trinity represented by Brahmâ, we have been advancing in terms of time (that is to say, in terms of force, because time is only a negative aspect of force). In terms of consciousness, we have been consolidating, as an expression of Vishnu. In terms of manifestation, of matter, we have been indrawing, with Shiva. And we ought to have been doing all of those three things. An understanding of that old Hindu expression of the universal doctrine of the Trinity, explains just what we are doing, and why and how.

Indrawing in terms of manifestation: outer events, we have been told, are symbols, up to a certain point, of inner realities. We shall fail to understand outer events until we see their real significance as invariably hidden,—because all outer life is glamour. In one sense of the word, all outer life is a suggestion, a hint of some reality which lies concealed behind the outer. Now will you think for one moment of the events that led up to the Battle of the Marne? You can think, if you choose, of the forward movement of H. P. B. You can think of 1900 and the years after that, as a withdrawal and still further withdrawal. And the Battle of the Marne has not yet been fought in the spiritual world. It will be. And there will be no trench warfare when the Lodge gets busy!

It has been said in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY over and over again, particularly in "Fragments", that the war is not yet over. Extremes meet, but it sounds like a joke, none the less, to say that Field Marshal Von Mackensen approves of Cavé's doctrine. Field Marshal August Von Mackensen (and he is a great authority on that side of the fence) announces: "The world war is not yet ended". Well, if you will excuse such language, the old devil is right! And if the Black Lodge knows it, surely it is *our* duty to know it and to act on that knowledge. The world war is not yet over. It is being fought to-day, both inwardly and outwardly; and the battle between the two great Lodges, manifested to some extent in the life of the Theosophical Movement, is manifested also in the outer world, on the objective plane, in great external battles, and I repeat: *the real Battle of the Marne has not yet been fought.* It will be fought under the leadership of the next Lodge Messenger.

Do we understand something of what that means? Do we, as members of The Theosophical Society, realize that we are taking part in a movement of that kind? Do we realize that we have the unthinkable privilege of representing the Lodge itself—oh, yes, as pawns, as mere

privates in the ranks, but still as representing the Lodge of Masters in their warfare? Responsibility, yes! Opportunity, yes—almost unbelievable as opportunity. Consolidation in terms of consciousness: an ever-increasing sense of unity, a more and more perfect *esprit de corps*, learning all that we possibly can, learning in order to use it in the service of the Lodge. Indrawal, by identifying ourselves more and more clearly with the purposes of the soul, rather than with the purposes and desires of the body and of the world. Advance, by continuing in terms of time, by perpetuation of the nucleus, by moving with the current of Lodge force.

We think, and should and must think of our own insignificance. Yes, my friends, but there is only one unforgivable sin, and that is the sin of despair. It has been said of Judas that his betrayal was bad enough, but that what finished him spiritually was the sin of despair. Suppose that man, instead of going out and hanging himself, had said: I must atone, must work, must live for nothing else but to try to undo the thing that I did—and suppose he had lived for twenty or forty years, slaving, with no other desire than to carry to others his Master's glad tidings of the new life and of the eternal heavens! Never despair, either of ourselves or of others. Do you remember that vision of Ezekiel's, of the valley full of bones? "And, lo, they were very dry." And the Lord said to Ezekiel, "Son of man, can these bones live?" And he answered, "O Lord God, thou knowest." What happened? Those dry bones came to life,—and we too may come to life. That was the very heart of the message of H. P. B. That is the very soul of the Theosophical Movement:—that we too may come to life.

The Chairman having been authorized to appoint the usual three standing committees, now announced their membership:—

Committee on Nominations: Dr. C. C. Clark (Chairman), Miss Margaret D. Hohnstedt, Mr. C. Russell Auchincloss.

Committee on Resolutions: Mr. E. T. Hargrove (Chairman), Dr. R. E. Torrey, Dr. J. H. Hohnstedt.

Committee on Letters of Greeting: Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell (Chairman), Miss Celia Richmond, Mr. S. V. La Dow.

The Report of the Secretary T. S. was next called for.

Report of the Secretary T. S. for the Year Ending April 24th, 1931

Miss Perkins: *Mr. Chairman and Fellow Members:* I have the honour to submit the following report:

Branch Activities

This year the Branch reports record more completely than ever before the ideals and efforts of our members. It would be a pleasure, if time permitted, to read to you these accounts, often eloquent in their simplicity and depth of devotion—but a few extracts must serve to show how unmistakably they embody what we call the theosophic spirit. Of course there is no orthodox pattern; each Branch is expected to shape its work in line with the old motto, "From every man according to his ability, to every man according to his need." Usually, Branches hold meetings, but their life is not dependent upon this, as is shown by the following report of one that is never able to assemble its members (notice the absence of drones): "A book is chosen for study, and once a month each member writes comments on the appointed portion, and asks questions on any point on which elucidation is required—these are replied to by the other members. During the past year we have taken the *Bhagavad Gîta*, Mr. Johnston's translation, one book a month. Some of us have found that fidelity to the work brings great strengthening and encouragement. The feeling that we are closely connected with Headquarters, through the Reports of the New York Branch meetings so kindly sent us, has helped us to realize that time and space are non-existent in the inner life of the Movement."

Our Branches in England are holding their position by quiet work, despite the great odds

against them; like the "Lost Battalion", they are completely surrounded in hostile territory, for to English ears, the term Theosophy means everything that Theosophy is not. All these Branches include in their discussions the Reports of New York Branch meetings. An officer writes, "The Reports show us the unity of the thought of our Branch with Headquarters; every member appreciates the valuable information they contain, and each sends warmest thanks to all who help to get them out."

In the Branch of Arvika, Sweden, those who know English translate, for use in their meetings, many articles from the QUARTERLY, especially those by Cavé, Mr. Griscom, and Professor Mitchell; also the New York Branch Reports. "Our main purpose," the Secretary says, "is to try to increase the theosophic spirit in ourselves and in others—to live the spiritual life, with greater trust and patience in all that concerns life's circumstances and trials. The Reports are a connection and a greeting from your big Branch to our little, little Branch in far away, cold Sweden."

The Oslo Branch in Norway, for which Colonel Knoff worked devotedly to the day of his death, meets weekly. "His remembrance", they write, "will always live among us." They are working with much interest and harmony; those proficient in English, as are several of the officers, must constantly translate for their fellows, since their special study has been given to Mr. Griscom's "Elementary Articles", the Convention Reports, and New York Branch Reports.

There is a small Branch in Czecho-Slovakia which first required all its members to study English, and now has voted that the QUARTERLY shall no longer be read in translation at their meetings, but in the original. With similar determination, they have set themselves to begin making reparation for the wrong done by their countrymen in Germany. Under this head, they write: "It is impossible to speak with Germans about Germany's attitude during the War, in the light of right and honour as we see it, with the help of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY. The German mind seems to be terribly sterile ground; this, and a frightful suspiciousness, seems to cause inability to perceive the genuine motives and working ideals of others, individuals and nations. Therefore, we seek, individually, touch and contact with the Czechs, to whom we can speak our view about the War, and Germany's real character as manifested by her war methods. In such times as this, we feel not only very ashamed of Germany's intrigues, but also a great inner dejecting pressure, as we know we share with the actual evil-doers the responsibility for such injuries, by reason of our racial unitedness, although we are subjects of the Czecho-Slovakian Republic. The German people of our town are in the same moral disposition as their countrymen in the 'Reich'. To teach them theosophical ideals would mean to come into conflict with every fibre of their moral nature, and to arouse in them a warding-off of what they see as an injury to their views and feelings." In Germany, where no Branches have been chartered since the Great War, members-at-large have banded together in study-classes, meeting frequently, and assisting one another to reach an understanding of Germany's war-guilt, which they always take occasion to discuss whenever visitors are present, hoping thus to bring influence to bear upon the thought of their country, still so far from repentant.

One American Branch which has several comparatively recent members began the season by reading "various addresses made at the 1930 Convention, with a special endeavour to bring home to members who had never attended one, the devotion and endless effort with which the leaders of the Movement carry out their share of the work; to give as far as possible a sense of the quality of consecration which lies at its core." The President of this Branch is quoted as having told its members that the Branch could not succeed until some of its number were wholly devoted to the Cause, adding, "as yet, the effort toward discipleship is part of our individual lives, a fundamental motive and attitude, but it is not the all-embracing sole interest."

As a final quotation, here is a portion of the President's report for the Pacific Branch, which has been studying Mr. Johnston's *Yoga Sutras of Patañjali:* "Our object has been to make as plain as possible something of the principles and processes of inner life and growth, as well as of outer behaviour, that each Sutra appears to postulate, and would actually involve

if put into practice. We then, imaginatively and verbally, apply those principles and processes either to our own life, thought, and purposes, or to what we see going on in the life around us, or to what everyone should be, eventually, as inner growth takes place in accordance with the sutras. Through it all, the purpose has been to make as clear as possible, for one another, the road which leads to conscious discipleship in the Lodge of Masters. As a result of those efforts, and of the inward urge and help that the Lodge is always giving, we do see that road a little more clearly, and are endeavouring to follow it farther. Yet we still stumble and get personally bruised, so to speak. This year we have come to realize, as never before, that theosophical teachings can be of little more use to us in times of stress, trials, or need, than the crudest beliefs that we have abandoned,—unless our Theosophy is so vitally interwoven with our ordinary being, as to become an actual part of our everyday *life and consciousness*, as well as of our daily thought."

It is most interesting to note the result of the action of the Executive Committee in refusing to accept annual dues from the European Branches, and requesting them, instead, to contribute toward the support of any organization devoted to War-relief among the Allied nations. Branches and members-at-large report that they have sent their contributions to charities carefully selected by them. From the Continent, gifts went to organizations they knew in France and in Belgium; English members make special mention of the British Legion as, "the organization that does the most for men who are still suffering as a result of the War, and for the wives and children of those who were killed." All have taken pleasure in explaining that their gifts were prompted by official action of The Theosophical Society, and the appreciative responses they received show that its position has thus been widely disseminated. Nor has the Society been the loser financially, for one of its members repeated last year's special contribution, amply covering the amount usually received in dues from abroad.

Headquarters' Activities

Theosophical Quarterly

Few organizations are fortunate enough to have an organ so truly representative of their aim, spirit, and method as the Quarterly is of ours. Inquirers can be directed to it, with confidence, for it expresses the spirit that has informed the Society, from its foundation in New York in 1875, down to this, its fifty-sixth year. The magazine is consistently free from personalities, which its founder, Mr. Clement A. Griscom, and its present Editors apparently regard as "the unnecessary, and therefore, the immoral". It is now to be found in many libraries all over the world; and our efficient "library committee" offers to arrange for additional subscriptions as fast as members report the names of new libraries patronized by readers who care for such magazines. The special "imperishable" edition of Volume xxviii has just been mailed to a select list of prominent libraries in each country of the civilized world,—to be bound and preserved in their permanent archives. Without question, the message of the Quarterly is only for the few, but a new approach to it has been opened this year through a professional index—the "International Index of Periodicals", upon which librarians rely for references in the discussion of topics of the day,—a field in which our magazine often expresses unusual and provocative views.

Quarterly Book Department

In addition to supplying standard books on Theosophy, the Department is glad to be of service to those who cannot readily secure elsewhere such worth-while books as are reviewed and discussed in our magazine. Our policy is never determined on the basis of money-making.

Secretary's Office

This year the attitude of applicants for membership has been noteworthy, especially those who have been readers of the Quarterly; they have grasped the significance of incorporation into such an organism as our Society, and have themselves proposed the need of preparatory

study and practical application, as a natural precursor to admission. Correspondence shows that the readers of our magazine in libraries are of various classes, but the most appealing letters come from those who have spent their lives searching in "the byways and hedges" for a truth and a way of life to which some dim hope within, ceaselessly pointed them. Another reflection that arises from the year's correspondence is, the deadening effect of patience in its negative aspects: those who contentedly sit, asking for nothing, waiting for some plum to drop their way, have to be left in the custody of their good intentions,—for there is, on the Executive Committee, one who is convinced of the value of Mr. Judge's advice—"Give them exactly what they ask, not a word more".

Many who never knew Doctor Keightley personally, have written of him, since his death; to distant members he represented a living link with H. P. B.: they are deeply grateful to him for standing so staunchly behind her—a devoted and understanding pupil—when most sought to turn the tables and direct their teacher. To others, his beneficent presence was a feature of Convention,—they looked forward to that, and to his enthusiastic delight in the reading of the "Letters of Greeting". Outsiders, who knew him only through his articles, have also expressed their feeling that he showed a heart touched both by human need and by the compassion of Masters for it.

The "travelling-library" attached to this office, is at the disposal of members, for their use and that of their friends; a section of it is also available to non-members. No fee is assessed for the loan of books, and if the payment of carriage-charges would be burdensome, that can be arranged. Members sometimes say, "For years, I have wanted to read that book, but we never had it in our Branch library." Why wait years? why not ask for it from the "travelling-library"? Perhaps there are certain numbers of the QUARTERLY a member has never read. Any number may be borrowed; a complete set of the volumes that contain Mr. Griscom's "Elementary Articles" and his "Letters to Students" is assembled, ready for loaning.

There need be no mystery about the absence of friction and "lost motion" in our work; the elements that produce them are not lacking, but they are held in check before they become destructive, by the ceaseless vigilance of the older members, through which we are freed from the misunderstandings that sap the life of so many organizations. It is impossible to acknowledge adequately our indebtedness to those who make possible the production of such a magazine as the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, but a desire is felt throughout the Society to express thanks to its Editors, whose knowledge, taste, and standards are the guide and incentive of many contributors, the despair of proof-readers—the delight of all in any way connected with the magazine. Our thanks are also due to those members who are contributors, to those who do the proof-reading, and to the one who for years has taken charge of certain features of the mailing. Again, as in past years, a member has paid the salary of a competent stenographer who greatly lightens office routine; and another member who was enjoying the freedom of a "sabbatical year" put time and unflagging interest at the disposal of the Secretary. To the stenographic notes taken by the Assistant Secretary, we owe a record of the addresses at New York Branch meetings, which another member condenses into four or five typewritten pages, a remarkable performance: both should have our warmest thanks. Lastly, there are those intrepid "elders" to whom, in spite of our rumpled or ageing "overcoats", we are all children in the Lodge's kindergarten: they set us lessons, teach us games, send us on errands which we usually manage to bungle, and watch over us closely—every contact with them is a blessing, and in the name of our entire membership I should like to express to them our thanks—before they have opportunity to thank us for our occasional willingness to be helped.

Respectfully submitted,
ISABEL E. PERKINS,
Secretary, The Theosophical Society.

A vote of thanks to the Secretary T. S. was then carried unanimously with acclamation, after which Mr. H. B. Mitchell, as Treasurer, submitted the following report:

REPORT OF THE TREASURER T. S.

APRIL 27TH, 1930—APRIL 25TH, 1931

Receipts		*Disbursements*	
Current Dues	$462.00	Printing and mailing the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY (4 numbers)	$4,426.48
General Contributions and Donations to the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY	1,907.42	Stationery and Supplies	44.67
Subscriptions to the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY and Propaganda Fund	2,106.62	Printing	78.65
	4,476.04	Rent	150.00
1932 Dues, prepaid	210.00	Telephone and Miscellaneous	179.93
Total Receipts	4,686.04	Total Disbursements	4,879.73
Balance, April 27th, 1930	420.55	Balance, April 25th, 1931	226.86
	$5,106.59		$5,106.59
Assets		*Liabilities*	
On deposit, Corn Exchange Bank Trust Company, April 25th, 1931	$226.86	1932 Dues, prepaid	$210.00
		Excess of Assets over Liabilities	16.86
			$226.86

HENRY BEDINGER MITCHELL,
Treasurer, The Theosophical Society.

The Report was formally accepted, with the thanks of the Convention to the Treasurer and Assistant Treasurer.

The Chairman next read the list of Branches represented at the Convention either by proxy or by delegates in person:

Arvika: Arvika, Sweden
Aussig: Aussig, Czecho-Slovakia
Cincinnati: Cincinnati, Ohio
Gateshead: Gateshead, England
Hope: Providence, Rhode Island
Middletown: Middletown, Ohio
Newcastle: Newcastle-on-Tyne, England
New York: New York, N. Y.
Norfolk: Norfolk, England
Oslo: Oslo, Norway
Pacific: Los Angeles, California
South Shields: South Shields, England
Toronto: Toronto, Canada
Venezuela: Caracas, Venezuela
Virya: Denver, Colorado
Whitley Bay: Whitley Bay, England

It was then unanimously voted that the love and greetings of the Convention be sent to Mr. Charles Johnston.

After various Convention activities had been announced, the proceedings were adjourned until 2.30 p.m.

Afternoon Session

The Chairman called for the Report of the Committee on Nominations.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON NOMINATIONS

DR. CLARK: The Committee presents the following nominations: for the two vacancies on the Executive Committee, Mr. A. J. Harris of Toronto, and Mr. Gardiner Hope Miller of New York; for Secretary T. S., Miss I. E. Perkins, and for Assistant Secretary, Miss J. Chickering; for Treasurer T. S., Mr. H. B. Mitchell, and Mr. G. M. W. Kobbé as Assistant Treasurer.

It was voted that a single ballot be cast by the Secretary to confirm these nominations.
The Report of the Committee on Letters of Greeting was then called for.

Report of the Committee on Letters of Greeting

Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell: At a Convention several years ago, the letters of greeting were spoken of as the golden threads from all over the world, binding all parts together, along which the light of the Lodge can travel. The letters I am about to read, will undoubtedly remind you of that suggestion.

Mr. Mitchell then read all the cablegrams, telegrams and letters, extracts from some of which are printed at the end of the Convention Report.

The Report of the Committee on Resolutions was then called for. Mr. Hargrove, Chairman of that Committee, requested that its two other members speak first.

Report of the Committee on Resolutions

Dr. Torrey: There is a problem which lies very close to the hearts of all of us, and that is the problem of education. The Society was founded, not that its members only should be given the opportunity to evolve into power, wisdom and joy, but that its influence should permeate the thought and actions of the world, leading men and women everywhere to a better life. This is the more or less accepted ideal, too, of secular education, though in the opinion of many of us its narrow and materialistic conception of the "better life", is hopelessly at variance with truth.

Now education is particularly a subject which concerns the young, and one feels keenly that Theosophic influence and education must be directed to youth. Mr. Judge has referred to the difficulty of getting a hearing with older people. Their thought forms are alarmingly set and crystallized, and they reject almost automatically any attempted incursion of new truth. All of us know people whose reactions are so constant that it suffices to press certain buttons to get a predictable response. But with the young it is not so. Their entrance into the life of intellectual maturity is surrounded by an atmosphere of Romance. A teacher largely concerned with Freshman instruction once remarked to me: "They think we have some secret—some hidden wisdom that we are going to give them, and, of course, I try to get that out of their heads." There is tragedy in that remark, and it contains a condemnation of our whole educational system. Is it indeed true that youth's vision must inevitably fade into the light of common day? Theosophy answers the question with a categorical denial.

How often have we seen the first flame of Freshman enthusiasm disappear under the combined influences of dead teachers and dead textbooks. But, on the other hand, we have seen the renewal of the fire in later years when the young man "found himself". He has been studying comparative anatomy perhaps, and suddenly he detects the basic structural plan which underlies an outer heterogeneity, and at once the heap of dead bones springs to life. He has found Theosophy, and it might seem that under the right guidance he could find again the path of romance. True, but the guidance which he now receives in all likelihood points him toward the graduate schools where the life of the soul is not a popular subject for graduate study, and where the learned professors are rather painful persons as soon as they leave their special fields of study. There is danger, too, that our student may fall into the clutches of the devotees of vocationalism and "flimsiness" who are bent upon purveying education (or something which passes under the name) to the public. Simon Flexner has recently dealt with them in a devastating manner. When the largest University in America descends to the level of offering academic credit for courses in running drug stores and tea shops, or gives advanced degrees for theses on how to reduce the number of motions which mother makes in washing dishes, it would seem to have touched the bottom of degradation. Far better the education of the mock turtle in "reeling, writhing and fainting in coils". That at least possesses the spiritual element of humour, whereas the professors of these portentous subjects have no slightest notion of that divine quality: they couldn't, and remain where they are.

Now Dr. Flexner is a "mixture". He is of the academic elect which possesses decided

Brahminic traits. Still it is true that there is a dignity and nobility about the higher education, and one can quite understand such righteous anger against the thieves and robbers who have broken into and defiled the sanctuary. Through their schools of education these disciples of Mammon have a strangle-hold on the elementary school system which they are transforming rapidly into a vocational machine. They deliberately threaten to invade the collegiate field and to control its educational methods and policies likewise.

The Theosophical Society represents in the world to-day that Group of Wise Men who are the true Teachers of the human race. In days when mankind was not mad with the madness of Kali Yuga, the teaching profession rested in the hands of the priestly colleges, some of whose members were most certainly in contact with the Lodge. We have read about this in the *Idyll of the White Lotus*, or in connection with such great hierophants as Pythagoras or Apollonius, or the far-off Egyptian kings. That position is ours to-day, and yet it would seem that our place in the cycle forbids the closely-knit outer hierarchy which once centred the teaching profession. To-day we have no Theosophical College where children can be educated. To be sure there are organizations which use our name and which, in apparent violation of cyclic law, are seeking to establish priestly schools for the young. Some singularly trusting people are sending their children to a certain notorious Bishop (sic!). The system of the school, if one can trust newspaper reports, consists in waiting around till something happens. Perhaps the Bishop issues from his copper-sheathed study, and all go out on a hunt for elementals. Incidentally we are given details on the geography and natural history of these elusive beings. One species which lives in Malay is striped like a zebra.

I'm not concerned now with the existence or non-existence of elementals—striped or unstriped. I am concerned with the development of normal-minded, enthusiastic, disciplined young men and women, and not with psychic monsters.

Well, what are we to do to rescue young people from the Scylla and Charybdis of academic sterility on the one hand, and academic dilletantism and flimsiness on the other? Since we have no centralized school, the teaching profession in a sense devolves upon us all. Last year I tried to point out the need to get down to "brass tacks" and really try to understand Theosophy if we are to fulfil this function. Yet it seems to me that more is needed than this general programme. Can we do nothing in regard to these centres of higher education which have so largely been false to their trust?

What did the Lodge do when their school of the world was slipping into materialism? They sent forth two teachers—H. P. B. and Mr. Judge—to devote themselves to the work of redemption. There are with us to-day certain young men and women still in contact with the universities, and who are, perhaps, fitting themselves for the teaching profession. They can, if they will, carry Theosophy into the school-world just as H. P. B. and W. Q. J. carried it to the Western world. There is a great opportunity here to do work for the Lodge. Such prospective teachers must master the factual knowledge of their professions if they are to gain the respect of their hearers. Then with the desire to use their knowledge in the service of the Lodge, and through "intending their minds upon it", the deeper significances will slowly reveal themselves—those romantic significances whose loveliness draws the young student away from the lower things of the world toward the treasure waiting for him yonder.

We have been told of the Guru-parampara chain which in the East is held to link the least village teacher of youth to the Great Teacher who stands at the head of the World School. Through that chain, if we "keep the link unbroken", the power of the Lodge will descend to do its work, and we shall find accomplished that which surprises and delights us.

Dr. Hohnstedt: The Chairman reminded us this morning of the work that was left to us, the inheritance left us by the Masters and their fellow workers. I think it would be a good idea if each one of us resolved in his heart that that work of the Masters shall not be in vain, and that we will daily add to it,—add to the cumulative knowledge of Theosophy, and thereby help the world and the coming generation, and make a better superstructure on the foundation that our predecessors built. That is one of the resolutions I am going to try to maintain, and I am going to try to help others do it.

MR. HARGROVE: *Mr. Chairman and Fellow Members*, there are the usual resolutions, submitted yearly for your approval:

First, that it be left to the Chairman to authorize and request some member to acknowledge, on behalf of this Convention, the letters of greeting to which we have had the great pleasure of listening. As a rule, of course, we ask Mr. Johnston to acknowledge them, and he does so; but on this occasion, I suggest that we ask the Chairman of the Convention to appoint a substitute.

Second, that the officers of the Society be authorized by the Convention to visit the Branches.

Third, that the thanks of the Convention be extended to the New York Branch for the hospitality shown during the Convention. (These three resolutions were duly acted upon by the Convention, and unanimously carried.)

We have already had the pleasure of listening to Dr. Torrey and Dr. Hohnstedt, who have each in his own way, attempted to express on behalf of the Convention, though not in terms of a formal resolution, the real feeling and wishes of the delegates. It must be assumed that everyone, as he leaves this assembly, resolves to attempt some further step in the theosophic life. It is, in part in any case, the function of this Committee to try to express these inner feelings and resolutions and opinions of the members in general.

This morning, mention was made of the indrawal of the Movement as part of the process of growth; as the manifestation, as it were, of Shiva's share in the process of our growth. You will recall Yama's statement in the Katha Upanishad to the effect that the Logos pierced the openings of the senses outward, therefore man looks outward, not within toward the Self; a wise man, however, with reverted vision, turned his sight inward toward the Self, seeking immortality. One of the methods of indrawal which every member should, in my opinion, attempt to use, is this very process of reverting or inverting his vision. There are stages in this, however, as in all things. We have often used ritual as an illustration: at one stage, ritual may be necessary, at another it has to be outgrown, and at a third it can be used for the purposes of the Lodge. In the case of the senses, you will see that either outward or inward turning may be proper, though at different stages of development. A healthy little dog runs around with all its senses very much on the alert, taking in everything, thoroughly objectivized. It has no morbid feelings. It does not worry about its motives. It is very inquisitive, peering and sniffing at everything within reach. Clearly, that is natural and right. Then think, if you will, of the human stage. Man perverts everything. Man, once he becomes sufficiently sophisticated, turns all that intense activity, all that curiosity, all that spirit of exploration and discovery, back upon himself,—but in a wrong way, because he becomes introverted and hopelessly self-centred. His feelings become his universe; he becomes immersed in them. He goes through life doing nothing but look at a mental picture of himself, very anxious to have other people look at that picture also, wondering whether they are seeing in it all the fascination he sees in it, and so forth. The further he gets his senses inverted, the deeper he gets into hell,—because that sort of thing *is* hell.

Next, a reaction, let us hope. There was first a reaction from the external activity illustrated in the little dog or in the normal child, to the state where the senses are turned inward. Then, perhaps, there comes a further reaction: a man goes out in acts and thoughts of altruism, of consideration for others—which is a vitally necessary step in the escape from hell. But there is a fourth stage, at which man must look within, no longer at himself, but at the Higher Self, the real Self. That sounds very general, and often, alas, it *is* very general. Many people do it as though they were trying to get their heads into the clouds and past the clouds, in the hope that there is something on the other side. That is not the way to do it. Turning the attention in toward the Higher Self means, in fact, trying to recognize the spiritual values in life; trying to see the real behind the veil of the unreal; the effort to realize that man is not simply this body, not simply this mind, but is that which can inspect the mind, looking down; that which can inspect the heavens, looking up. He is the beholder, the perceiver. The primary function of his power of perception is to recognize the spiritual values in life, which is, of course, the great need of the world, because the curse of the world at the present time is

that it sees nothing of spiritual values; it sees only material values. Whether we speak to youth or to age, inside or outside of colleges,—we should above all things insist upon the spiritual value of things, the real values; we should see the absurdity of, and pour ridicule and good-natured contempt upon values as the world knows values, materialistic, destructive, and altogether childish.

This morning you were reminded of the vision of Ezekiel, when the dead bones came to life. You will remember how it was done. The Lord told Ezekiel to prophesy over those bones. The meaning of the Hebrew word translated as "prophesy" in that story is *to flow forth*. What the Lord told Ezekiel to do was to *flow forth* upon those dry bones, to spend himself on those dry bones, to *give* himself—the secret of all happiness, of all true life. How else can anything be accomplished but by self-spending? Certainly one of the first steps on the path of discipleship is to reverse that terrible condition in which man is centred in himself, and replace it by unlimited spending of self upon other people and upon the ideals for which Theosophy stands; to try to make that a reality in life,—spending self for Theosophy.

But to do this in any real sense—certainly to do it as Ezekiel did it—means far more than the "altruism" of the third stage of which I have spoken. It can be done only as a result of previous and profound indrawal—the fourth stage as I described it—when man has at last disentangled himself from his mind, and knows in his heart that his true self is the eternal Perceiver. Only at that fifth turning can man "flow forth" as Ezekiel flowed forth, bringing dry bones to life.

One of the things that the Committee on Resolutions always attempts is to speak of some of the needs of the world, and to suggest certain ways in which members of this Society can meet those needs. We try to call attention to misunderstandings that exist, in order that they may be removed—and for no other purpose. At the present time, one of these blights is a complete misunderstanding of the meaning of natural law. People seem to think that natural law is an entirely material thing which they can circumvent with impunity. They do not realize that natural law is another name for divine law, any violation of which must result disastrously. You will remember a phrase from the *Occult World*, where a Master, speaking for all Masters, says: "We but follow and servilely copy Nature in her works." That is not the attitude of modern science, not the attitude that the ordinary man adopts toward natural law. There is no need to refer here in detail to what was discussed in the "Screen" in a recent issue of the QUARTERLY. Certain things were said there about family life which you may remember. Any effort to interfere with natural law, to escape the consequences of natural law, destroys the souls of the people who are guilty of such wrong-doing.

Then take the law of supply and demand. People do not think of that as a spiritual law. They think of it merely as applying in the realm of political economy. They feel free to do what they choose with it, so far as they can. Yet, actually, it is a universal law, and therefore, of necessity, a divine law. You can see its application in the spiritual life. Demand creates supply. It is because of our instinctive belief in that law that we aspire, meditate, pray; and in the spiritual life, there is freedom of demand and freedom of supply, so that equilibrium is constantly maintained. Co-operation, or combination, is not limited or regulated by demo-autocratic interference. Supply descends as demand ascends. But because men think of it as a material law and no more, governments have become increasingly paternalistic and increasingly eager to regulate and to improve upon the natural order of things. We see the result in the world around us,—wide-spread unemployment, both of capital and labour, and an immense amount of needless suffering: an absolutely artificial and man-made condition. If, instead of interference, men and governments would adopt an attitude of *respect*—not to say, of reverence—toward the laws of Nature; if they would (like Masters), first study, and then "but follow and servilely copy Nature in her works", it would not be long before the existing situation would be righted, never to occur again. To avoid the possibility of misunderstanding, perhaps I should add that the last thing I am advocating is the overthrow of national barriers. Instead of that—instead of a materialistic internationalism—I suggest that "every man's house should be his own castle", and that the less dependent we are upon the world around us, whether for our amusements, for our necessities, or for our

intellectual and religious life, the happier and more contented our homes are likely to be. Exactly the same thing of course applies to nations.

Perhaps Dr. Torrey and others who are in closer contact than the rest of us with institutions of learning, will be able to invent a way in which such truths can be stated in terms more acceptable than mine, to the materialistic mind. I do not know how it can be done, because the moment he were to speak of purpose, he would be jeered at. In any case, the effort should be made to introduce the idea of universality, and to shake the confidence of these people in their notion that a law such as the law of supply and demand can concern economics only, when, in the nature of things, if it is true there, it is true everywhere. If true of one thing, it is true of all things. If not true of all things, it is not true of the one thing.

Now to change the subject, and to turn to the condition of the Spanish-speaking world. We have reason to express sympathy with the many sane and sober Spanish-speaking people who have had to suffer from the feverishness which is afflicting all peoples, but has recently fallen very heavily on their own kindred, both in South America and in Spain,—restlessness, the desire for change for the sake of change. A few days ago, I was discussing the upheaval in Spain with a man who had recently come from there, and I asked, why the revolution? He replied, "They just wanted a change." Of one thing we may be sure, that the *spirit* of man is not a restless spirit, and that a revolution caused by restlessness is an act of folly at best. We must thank heaven that our Spanish-speaking members are among those who see the truth; who do not long for change for the sake of change; who are not restless in their attitude, and who regret, as we do, that which has recently been taking place.

The spirit of man is still. The spirit of man has learned long ago that human happiness does not depend upon the form of a government, but upon the spirit of a government. For any one to imagine that greater wisdom is likely to come from a mob than from a man (even if the man were stupid) is foolish. I should rather have to suffer one stupid man than a million stupid men!

There is one matter on which I feel we should go on record in words of the strongest possible disapproval; that is, against political murder and the glorification of political murderers. Two recent cases of this are conspicuous. Most of you will remember the day when the Crown Prince of Austria and his wife were murdered in the streets of Sarajevo—an event which nominally, superficially, was the cause of the World War, the excuse seized upon by Germany and Austria for the War. Not many months ago, on a house at the street corner in Sarajevo where the murder was committed, a tablet was solemnly dedicated to the murderer, with the inscription: "On this historic place Gavril Princip proclaimed Liberty." The murderer was a Serbian, and the Serbians were on the side of the Allies. It does not make any difference. From the Theosophical standpoint, it is an outrage, an insult to all spiritual law and common decency that a monument should be erected to a murderer.

With equal vehemence we protest against the erection of a statue in honour of the Irish murderers of Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson,—a statue erected in Dean's Grange Cemetery, Dublin. Incidentally, it may interest you to know that when the statue was unveiled, there was a very brief report of the ceremony, printed in the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*, a small French newspaper published in New York. The statement seemed incredible, so someone telephoned to the *New York Times* and to the *World* and other newspapers, to ask if they had received the same news. They all expressed incredulity, saying they would have heard of it if the news had been true. One of our members then wrote to Lady Wilson, the widow, asking her if it was true. I have here a clipping from the London *Times* which she sent in reply, containing an account of the ceremony. It *was* true, but the New York papers, which reported the Serbian dedication, professed entire ignorance of the similar event in Ireland. Even the London *Times* tucked the news away at the bottom of an unimportant column, the item above it being headed, "Cruelty to Neighbour's Horse". Not a word of protest, so far as I am aware, either in England or America. "Peace at any price": what a mockery!

Now a word as to Germany. Hunting through some old notes yesterday in a hurry, I came across an extract from a book, *The Aftermath*, by Winston Spencer Churchill, the English politician. I am not at all sure whether I quoted it at the last Convention, but, if so, it

struck me none the less strongly on this occasion. He is speaking of the terms of Peace, is criticising Clemenceau, and he says Clemenceau ought to have said to himself: "Now is the appointed time for making friends with Germany and ending the quarrel of so many centuries. We, the weaker, have got them down. We, the conquerors, will lift them up." It leaves one almost speechless! Let us translate the idea by analogy. Think of a man who has been carrying on a terrible struggle against some bad habit, let us say the drink habit. He has fought it for years, not always with success. At last he feels he has got his enemy down. The enemy says: Now is your opportunity to be kind, now is your opportunity to be Christian; suppose we compromise—take one drink a day, and we will call it quits. The man, full of reciprocal kindliness (so-called), agrees. That is his victory! You know what happens to the man, granting that drink is his enemy, granting that drink is his temptation. That "one drink a day" is his damnation.

That is what a man like Churchill, who is supposed to be a statesman, who at least has occupied positions which statesmen ought to fill—that is what Churchill says Clemenceau ought to have done when considering the terms of peace. It is that miserable weakness in men (and frankly, I think it is more marked in Anglo-Saxons than in any other race) that is the cause of most of the trouble in the world at the present time. That is why the War is not yet over; that is why the War remains to be won and still may be lost. Weakness, not only contemptible but monstrous in its perversity; unbelievably stupid. It has been said that we Anglo-Saxons are stupid. It may be true. The tragedy is that we are not the only stupid people in the world. There are so many of them! But let us make no mistake about it: stupidity is a crime. Stupidity is the result of moral weakness, of moral cowardice, of moral insufficiency. We cannot plead an alibi on the ground that, because we are Anglo-Saxon, we are necessarily stupid and therefore there is nothing to be done about it. We are responsible for the full range,—the depth and height and breadth of our stupidity. Let us thank heaven if we begin to suspect it once in a while, and annually resolve that we must do something to correct it. If we have ever been told by anybody that we are blind at a certain spot, let us go back like the little dog and nose around and try to learn more than we learned before. It is so monotonous to stay just as we are, with the same blind spots, making the same blunders. Let us make our lives gayer, as well as more profitable, by seeing something new every day,—instead of seeing the same thing with the same eye, with the same slant. No wonder people go through life bored, on that basis. Any man who is bored is bored because he sees the thing always in the same way. No man has any business to see the same thing twice in the same way, or twice as the same thing. We get so far behind by doing that, and the Movement cannot wait—because the Movement is pulled along by the Lodge.

Now I am going to read something included in an appeal for City Missions—not in this country but in London. This was a genuine appeal, not a joke:

> What *is* this life, if, full of care,
> We have no time to stand and stare,
> No time to stand beneath the boughs
> And gaze about like sheep and cows?
> What *is* this life, if, full of care,
> We have no time to stand and stare?

It was meant to be pathetic as an appeal, though it was not written in that spirit or for that purpose. I bring it to your attention because the idea in it is typical of an existing attitude both in this country and in England. There is a tendency to think that if you look on and admire somebody playing a game, it is just as good and perhaps better than playing the game yourself. Hundreds and thousands of people are eager to watch others exerting themselves. They will pay good money for the pleasure of doing so, and they will "stand and stare", full of admiration for the individual who drives himself beyond his limit.

In other words, there is a type of admiration that springs from laziness, and which is a sort of abdication, while true admiration is creative, is instinct with the spirit of emulation, and is a short cut to becoming. Let us beware, for instance, as we read the letters of Mr. Judge,

or as we hear stories of H. P. B. or read of her life, that we do not sit like the people on the benches watching baseball, full of admiration, but using that as an excuse for doing nothing, and thus turning our admiration into a poison. We need desperately to examine ourselves under that head, because there is no escaping the fact that, because of our racial incarnation, we must share the tendency to be satisfied with looking on, and with watching the performance of other people.

I do not know who the people are who are doing most for the Theosophical Movement at the present time, but it certainly does not follow that it is those who talk the most or who write the most. The people who are doing most for the Movement must be those who are giving most of themselves, who are sacrificing most of themselves, who are contributing most in terms of self-denial. Surely, that is what contribution means. They are not just onlookers, not just admirers; nor are they those whose activities are a form of self-indulgence. They are doers, and have seen that to be a Theosophist one must be something of an artist, or in any case an artisan (a word scarcely used any more in this country), busy with the material at your disposal—clay or wood or metal—transforming it into something worth while, something useful, if possible into a thing of beauty. Yes, transformation of character, transformation of the personality—transmutation: taking the life out of wrong and foolish tendencies and putting it into something more worth while. Dry bones to work on, if you choose; but bringing those dry bones to life by love of the ideal, by living with and for that ideal, and so, by mere contagion, making those bones vibrant with the breath of heaven, making them live with the overflowing life of the soul.

Reports from delegates were then called for, Madame Sánchez being asked to speak for the Venezuela Branch.

Madame Sánchez: *Mr. Chairman and Fellow Members:* As some of you know, I have been in this country for many months, and consequently away from the work of my fellow-members of the Venezuela Branch; but the reports received from the Corresponding Secretary enable me to speak to you of the efforts made there by a group of loyal souls who have perceived the light of Theosophy and made it the chief activity of their lives. I find myself, therefore, in the exceptional position of speaking of this year's work of my Branch as seen close at hand and also from a distance. It is thus, I understand, that Theosophy should be studied,—both from within and from without.

The routine work, of less interest to you, has been carried out with religious punctuality. The programme of the work has been varied. As subjects of study were chosen: Karma, Reincarnation, and in particular the Cycles. It is a coincidence very often noted that the themes studied by the Venezuela Branch are almost always the same as those of the New York Branch; because of this the article entitled "The Theosophical Movement and Kali Yuga" served to deepen the teaching for us, and this was supplemented by the article "Things Prophetical". The contribution by Professor Mitchell on "Incarnation" helped to elucidate the subject of "Karma and Reincarnation".

In the issue of *Lucifer* for January, 1888, H. P. B. said: "Let no one imagine that it is a mere fancy, the attaching of importance to the birth of the year. The astral life of the earth is young and strong between Christmas and Easter. Those who form their wishes now, will have added strength to fulfil them consistently". Therefore the members of the Branch have, for three years, followed the custom of formulating their purposes for the year within this propitious cycle.

At the Convention last year we made a resolution to dedicate five minutes each day to meditation on *Light on the Path.* This is of significance in the inner world inasmuch as it is known that the real author of this book is a Master to whom the Theosophical Society owes so much.

They write me from Caracas that they will make this Convention a spiritual centenary of the birth, in July, 1831, of that great soul, our founder, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, the vahan of the Master H. P. B. Our Society thus anticipates this date by a few months, in

virtue of its spiritual growth which enables it to function in a world that transcends the illusory trinity of the past, present, and future. H. P. B. is here with us and is of no age.

A spiritual connection, a tie of love, binds the Venezuela Branch with H. P. B., since the first official meeting of the theosophical group in Venezuela was held on the 8th of May, 1895, this date being selected, as the record says, "as a tribute offered to the memory of so distinguished a Master". Since that time the love for H. P. B. and also for William Quan Judge, who was in Caracas in person, has been an inextinguishable lamp of devotion. There has never been an attempt made to defame the name of a Master, that a member of the Branch has not at once come forward in some one of the leading daily papers of the capital, thrusting forth the irresistible sword of Truth. It is also very significant that none of the pseudo-theosophical societies has ever prospered in that country. Is not this a reward of service to the pure theosophy that H. P. B. brought to us?

A concentration is observed. Members of other Branches, who believed that work is the life of the Movement, seeing that their Branches were suffering through lack of it, dissolved them and requested incorporation in our Branch.

The members regard the study of English as a part of their active work. As for *El Teósofo*, it costs an enormous expenditure of labour because so few co-operate in it. But our greatest trouble is in the printing—an almost impossible task.

The fundamental note of the past year has been that of discipline and training for a combat which each day grows more immanent. Perhaps the hearts of some are already seeking to know what is the immediate work the Lodge will ask of them.

At this very moment the members in Caracas are assembled in union with you for the eleventh time, for these formal meetings began in 1921 and since then have deepened in significance with the years. A few years ago it was voted with enthusiasm that at each Convention the Branch should be personally represented by a delegate from its own membership. To-day that office confers upon me the greatest honour of my life—to represent my fellow-members of the Branch in this assembly of men and gods—for here are also present H. P. B., W. Q. Judge, and our founder Masters.

COLONEL SÁNCHEZ (speaking in Spanish): *Mr. Chairman and Fellow Members:* I feel a deep gratitude to Those to whom I owe the privilege of being with you at this Convention. To come here was one of the greatest desires of my heart, not for my own satisfaction, but because it is here that we receive, in the measure of our communion with the Great Ones, confidence and strength for consecration to the Cause of the Masters. It is true that a greater effort is demanded of us, and an ever more definite attitude, but the promise has been given us that we shall never be abandoned.

MISS ELEANORE EVANS: *Mr. Chairman and Fellow Members:* I was asked by the Newcastle Branch in England to read to you their very cordial greetings to the members of The Theosophical Society in Convention assembled.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, ENGLAND.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: Once again it is my privilege to convey to you our heartiest greetings and good wishes. It is a happy circumstance that on this occasion I have not to resort to the post for its conveyance, thankful though we are for that medium of communication.

We are glad that one of our own members is to have the joy of attending the Convention and expressing in person the feelings and aspirations we are striving to embody; and we are determined to keep the flag flying at all costs. For how could we do otherwise with Dr. Keightley's death so fresh and green in our memory. And may I here express our gratitude to Mr. Hargrove for his splendid article in the QUARTERLY on Dr. Keightley.

It has long been a source of satisfaction to me that we do not need to copy or imitate the ways of others—and I am glad to see this recently emphasized; we are to fill the gaps and close the ranks by being ourselves to the utmost. "Live each day as though it were the last, yet live in each as though it were eternal."

So the Cause, or the Work, cannot fail if we give our all to it in our own individual way. We cannot all write, we cannot all speak, but love and devotion can emanate from each one of us. And *as* we love and *as* we are devoted, we shall work to fit ourselves for the greater service that lies ahead. In this way, "growing as the flower grows, unconsciously", we shall also appreciate those other words of *Light on the Path* where it says, "that as we attain to knowledge, we shall also attain to speech."

It is the first time that a member of our Branch has been able to attend the Convention, and now that we have made a start it would be fine to repeat it in the years to come. But be that as it may, I am sure that Miss Evans will find it, in the meantime, an experience long to be remembered and cherished. She has already said to me that she regards her visit as a going home to her kindred; so I am convinced that our greetings to you will be nothing compared with your welcome to her.

We have decided to hold a special meeting on Convention Day, that we may be more fully at one with you in purpose and aspiration; that you may feel our presence, in spirit, and our earnest desire for a successful issue of your deliberations—successful in the sense that it is fearless, uplifting and strong.

With renewed greetings and best wishes from the members of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Branch,

Yours sincerely,
E. Howard Lincoln,
President.

Mr. Rivero: *Mr. Chairman:* As a member of The Theosophical Society in the Venezuela Branch, I wish to express sincere pleasure in the designation conferred upon Madame Sánchez, who has been selected to represent in this Convention, as its only delegate, the Venezuelan group. I am pleased, among other reasons, because this designation coincides with the centennial of the birth of Madame Blavatsky. Woman has held in The Theosophical Society the opportunity and the responsibility of serving,—with more failures than man, perhaps, but, on the other hand, with greater abnegation and splendour. It is sufficient to mention the name of Madame Blavatsky. In a volume of her letters, never written to be published, the grand "Old Lady" says: "*All* or *nothing* is their motto",—the motto, I think, of the Master of Wisdom to whom she in turn knew how to give *all* with a more than human loyalty. She was "the Sphinx of the Age", "the White Yogini", "the Lion of the Punjab".

As to man, the corresponding example was Mr. Judge. Judge and Blavatsky are the mighty columns of the theosophical arch through which we must pass, in this world, toward a better world. Outside this arch there is no other possible road for us toward the Eternal. Judge told us that here and now we could gain immortality; and to such an end he taught us with the candour of a child and with unequalled heroism. "Work, work and work" was, without doubt, his theosophical motto; and thus he too gave *all* for the formation of the nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, working and suffering as did Blavatsky.

Work and suffering made the soil in which grows the theosophical tree, whose branches may be local but whose internal vitality is universal and tends to make of the human soul an imperishable flower. Nevertheless, we gather to-day around that tree with joy and gratitude in our hearts,—transubstantiated fruits of past work and suffering. It behooves us, also, to work and suffer—"precious suffering" and precious work—for the joy and gratitude of the envoys and their adherents of the future,—legion of true spiritual liberators, soldiers of the Lodge.

Permit me to voice in this wonderful assembly—so small in the visible, so great in the invisible—something of that gratitude and joy. My joy is that of the traveller who, after a long and arduous pilgrimage through strange lands, finally returns home and is welcomed as a prodigal son. I owe my gratitude to the New York Branch for having had the invaluable knowledge of its most interesting meetings; to the older members for having had their luminous teachings (to one of them in particular, I am very greatly indebted for having favoured me once with a word of wise counsel); and, in short, to the editors of the Theosophical

QUARTERLY, that literary gem, from whose facets there shines, ever more and more limpidly, the light of the spirit.

If the high gods have granted to me the joy of to-day attending my first Convention, I ask them further, in humility, the grace of maintaining me under the edifying influence of this inspiring day, of this solar day, of this halcyon day, not only to-morrow, but through all my life to come,—æon upon æon. Thus I shall be able to make my gratitude tangible in the form indicated by Judge, that is: by working, working "as those who are ambitious", working "for the work's sake", with faith, hope and love,—above all love.

Years ago, in this same place, if I remember well, a disciple of Judge declared: "Nothing is more divine than a fact". Let us make of Theosophy the divine fact, first in ourselves and then in others; and, so, the theosophical tree will cover all the earth with its branches,—every one of us a living branch. Can we, who are so few in numbers, realize such a miracle in this iron age? The answer is given to me by a Mexican poet who, in his moments of mysticism, became like Emerson, very much a theosophist, and pondered the militant love of Christ and his Apostles in these strophes:

Un carpintero y unos pescadores
cambiaron los destinos del planeta
con un poco de amor.

Which translated, read:

A carpenter and some fishermen
Changed the destiny of the planet
With a little love.

In that spirit, renewing the vow of the aspirant, I conclude thus: In Theosophy as in a staunch ship my soul goes on—a celestial traveller—toward the Eternal.

MISS HOHNSTEDT: I much like a phrase used by the last speaker: "this is a solar day". At our Branch meetings we have been studying the second volume of *The Secret Doctrine*, in which so much is said about the Lunar and Solar Pitris. The Solar Pitris are right here helping us.

In regard to the Branch work, we have *The Secret Doctrine* class, studying the second volume every other week. The alternate week, one of our members reads a paper, and we have taken as a keynote for this year the motto, "By our works we shall be known". We are trying to inculcate ethical and moral principles, so that all may realize that those things are more necessary than evanescent things. Our members are very staunch. We will not listen to anyone who has ever attacked Judge or Madame Blavatsky.

MR. WAFFENSMITH: Mrs. Waffensmith and I are happy to be here to-day. It is a great privilege. We were unable to attend the last Convention, and we missed it all the year; so now we have come home to renew our courage for the coming year.

MRS. ROSE: *Mr. Chairman and Fellow Members:* We are overjoyed to be here to-day. As everyone says, it is home. I think the keynote of the message from Hope Branch is gratitude,—not only because we are here, but because we even know of Theosophy in these troubled times. We sometimes wonder what other people do without it. I think we "do something about it". We have tried to. It is manifested in a greater unity of purpose among our members. We are a small Branch, but those few are faithful, and we feel that the future of the Hope Branch depends upon the individual. We are particularly grateful for the reports of the New York Branch, which make us feel less lonely and also clear up many obscure points. In addition we have been reading the Gospel of St. John. We are always grateful for the QUARTERLY. We cannot tell you what it means to us. I think the feeling is that as the Old Guard salutes and passes on, each member wants to carry his share of the added burden, and we pray we never shall "lean on".

MISS RICHMOND: I should just like to say how grateful I am for the privilege of being here.

MR. MILLER: Year by year, as we gather here, those of us whose privilege it has been to attend these Conventions for a number of years, feel increasingly, I think, the inadequacy of our efforts to use the truth which we have been led to see; to do all that we can. One of the Masters has said: he who does all that he can, all he is capable of doing, does enough for us. As Professor Mitchell said this morning, the sculptor models the image from the material he has, no matter whether that material be base or of fine texture. The creative spirit can model that image from whatever material we have. We are not limited in the beauty of the image which we can create. When Mr. Hargrove was speaking about some of the things going on in the world to-day, I recalled having seen a notice of a meeting held in this city, only last night on the eve of Convention, by a large group of people who were going to discuss the question: "Can the Church abolish war?" I was so grateful for the statement made this morning that Masters are first-class fighting men, and for the appeal made to the martial spirit in our effort to carry on the work of the Lodge and of our predecessors.

In the *Dhammapada* there is an anecdote of a mendicant who was so cross and old that he was unable to learn a single Gatha, or verse, and thus became an object of ridicule. The Buddha, taking compassion on him, painstakingly and tenderly taught him a single verse. Impressed by the Buddha's kindness and graciousness, he learned the verse. Later, some nuns asked the Buddha to send them a teacher, and this man was sent to teach them the verse he had learned. The Buddha was prepared for what happened, and told him he would be ridiculed. The nuns at first made fun of him and decided that they would recite the verse backward. The mendicant said: "Sisters, my talent is small, my learning is very little. I know only one Gatha, but I will repeat that and explain its meaning." The nuns became tongue-tied, and hung their heads in shame. Later, the Buddha said of him: "This mendicant has allowed the secret virtue of the words of this one Gatha to penetrate his spirit; his body, mouth and thoughts have obtained perfect quietude." [I thought of that statement when Mr. Hargrove spoke of the restlessness in the world to-day.] The Buddha then added: "To understand one truth, and, hearing it, to act accordingly, this is to find deliverance."

MR. KOBBÉ: *Mr. Chairman:* As I suppose most of us do, in thinking about Convention beforehand, I thought of several things I should like to say. But as I listened to the proceedings to-day, I decided not to mention any of them, because the feeling has grown stronger and stronger that I wanted to use this occasion for two other purposes. One is to convey my thanks to one who would never let me convey it to him while he was here—Dr. Keightley. It was my privilege to take treatments from him for several years. Aside from the physical benefit, there was a mental, moral and spiritual benefit which was tremendous. It was tremendous not only because of what he had to give, but also because his method compelled the patient to use his own will. On two different occasions, I tried to express my gratitude, but each time he gave a funny little chuckle and then was off to the old days in London, telling me about his work with Madame Blavatsky and the others; and I never had a chance to convey my thanks. I do it now, "in Convention assembled".

That was the first thing that was on my heart. The other is this: I know that each Convention should be greater and deeper and more profoundly silent, in an interior sense, than any of the preceding ones. To me this Convention has been all that, and, as I sat here to-day, I could not but feel wonderment that I should be privileged to belong to this Society which traces its connection through Judge to H. P. B., and through H. P. B. to the White Lodge. I am grateful I have that connection—the connection which goes back, through an unbroken chain, to those first-class fighting men.

MR. BRUSH: *Mr. Chairman:* I think Convention for many of us is a time of inner stock-taking, and perhaps readjustment. There was a phrase used by one of the speakers at the last Convention, and repeated this morning, which I think we can use as a measure not only of our own inner attainment during the past year, but of our service to the Movement. The phrase is: All we have to do is to be true to our own truths. It does not really matter very much whether we approach reality through, for instance, the teachings of the old Christian mystics, or through the ancient Greek philosophy, or the great Oriental Masters, or by what-

ever method appeals to our own liking and temperament. What does matter is the answer which each one gives in his own heart to the question: how true have we been in the past year to our own truths?

MR. GANSON: *Mr. Chairman:* Some years ago, I was in the habit of taking orders whether I knew what I was about or not; an order to march, or to sit down, or to get up and go about my master's business—because we had masters in those days, in the simpler sense of the word. No movement was free. Everything was trained, was provided for us in advance, so we should become smooth and polished in the machinery of war, to do the part which was planned for us to do. Fragments of that experience keep drifting into my mind. One is the march of armed feet. As members of the T. S. we are caught up in a column, going on and on; we cannot get out, because we are enrolled in it. We can be lifted up, up, up, a rank or two in advance. We cannot go outside, but must go on. There is something in the column that must appeal to us, a great spirit that goes through it. Napoleon had the ability to inspire, to kindle, officers and men, to do what seemed to be the impossible. Some great fire seemed to pass through him and into the natures of other people.

In the simple duties of a soldier—to us—there is given this opportunity to sink our personality in that great *esprit de corps*. In the soldier's life that is one of the most valuable lessons: the *esprit de corps* of the whole body—*and we in it.* It is like the unity of the whole Movement. We ourselves are nothing, because we are absorbed and swallowed up in the whole. I do not have to listen except with the ears of my leader, and if the Master will speak for me, that is all I want. And our Master in this great Movement is the Soldier, the General, the strength of our courage; and when we are brave, he is our force. All we have to do is just to keep marching on ahead, because he is there.

MR. ROY: Each year I realize more and more what a privilege it is to be here at the Convention. During the winter, I have read and re-read *Fragments*, and one in particular points out to me a way in which I can be of service. "Be what you love. Strive after what you find beautiful and high, and let the rest go. Harmony, sacrifice, devotion, take these for key-notes, express them everywhere and in the highest possible way. The beauty of a life like that, the power of it, who can measure or set bounds to?"

MR. SAXE: Numbers of us who have been present at many Conventions, and who think back over those most significant occasions, cannot but feel that we have made far less use of their gifts than we wish we had. Of course, we should not waste time or energy in regret, but we may turn with every feeling we have, toward a new resolution which will inevitably spring from attending this Convention. It occurred to me that probably many of us would think it worth while, when formulating our Convention resolution, to include in it a resolve to think more about the Great Ones to whom, as we were told so eloquently this morning, we are indebted not only for the Movement and for the opportunity of taking part in it, but for our very existence. Obviously, we cannot think about them and consider them too much —for many reasons; for one, because they are the basic source of all our inspiration. One thing which we learn from occultism is, that thought joins us to the object of our thinking, just as surely as the telephone wire connects us with our friend in San Francisco or in Paris. To those of us to whom the Masters seem a vivid reality, this idea must be inspiring.

A day or two ago, I read a letter written by one of the chêlas of the Master K. H., to A. P. Sinnett, in which he said that it could hardly be possible for Sinnett to realize the way in which even the training for chêlaship increased one's sensibility to the thoughts of others. At the time, the chêla had been ill, and Sinnett had known about it, and had thought of him sympathetically. The chêla went on to say: "I felt your kind thoughts flowing toward me, even as the convalescent in the cold mountains feels the gentle breeze from the valley below." I mention this, not because it is a new idea to you, but because it reminds us of something which we may so easily forget. It is a field in which most of us can improve greatly, and one which it is most worth while to keep in mind. We are told that we should not crystallize, that we must keep fluidic. If that be true of our habits and views and interests in general,

surely it must also be true of our thought and ideas and knowledge of those Great Ones. Many of you have thought much more about this than I have, and to you my remarks are more or less superfluous; but there may be others, to whom, as I hope, the suggestion will be helpful.

MR. J. F. B. MITCHELL: Everything I had in mind and heart to say has been said much better than I could possibly say it, but it is an immense privilege to be able to try to express something of the deep gratitude that we all feel for what we have been given—for the ideals presented to us, and for the chance to live those ideals; the ideals of our own souls that have been pointed out to us by Theosophy; something that we can love with our whole hearts and to which we can give our whole lives. The Theosophical Society was founded to meet the need of the world, and the need of the world is just that: an ideal. Men in the world have no ideal that they know to be true, and that they can love, believe in and follow.

Dr. Torrey was speaking about educational institutions. What is the trouble in Academia? Is it not just this lack of an ideal? The president of an eastern college who gave an address here in New York, began by saying: "We do not know what we are doing, we do not even know what we are trying to do." They do not know what to aim for. I have been trying for some time to find a college that has a standard of values, which is another way of putting the same thing. I asked the professor of philosophy at one college what effect four years there had on the standard of values of the students who went through. He finally said he supposed they got their standard of values from their classmates. Evidently they do not get it from the institution! Yet it is on a man's standard of values that his whole happiness or unhappiness depends. It determines what he is going to seek, and what he is going to sacrifice in order to get it. It determines the value he puts on what comes to him, whether he sees life as rich and full of purpose, full of opportunity, or whether it seems cruel and blind and unjust. And it is through Theosophy that the world can get a true standard of values.

It was said here two years ago that the basic trouble with the whole world is that it has ceased to see life in terms of spiritual values. You cannot have a standard of values without knowing what your purpose is,—because your values will always depend upon your purpose, *must* depend upon your purpose. Take a crowbar: if you are trying to get a child out from under an automobile, it may be worth its weight in diamonds; if you are trying to save him from drowning, it may be worth less than nothing. So it seems to me impossible to have a true standard until you have a clear-cut idea of the purpose of life. There again, one looks in vain through the educational institutions of the country for any idea that there *is* a purpose, or any intelligence higher than man's in the universe.

One wonders—it is presumptuous perhaps—how the next Lodge Messenger will see the need of the world. It seems to me that one need will be to point out the purpose of life, so that man may get a true standard of values, may see an ideal, a purpose to which he can give himself with all his heart and soul. It is the only way by which happiness can be gained. And that is our great privilege: to try so to live, so to act, that the way for the next Lodge Messenger may be made easier; to live with so much intensity of desire and devotion, as to help to bring nearer the time of his coming; and so to live that when that time does come, much of the work will already have been done that Madame Blavatsky had to do herself before she could begin her real mission. Think of the difference, if in 1875, when she began her work, there had been a few in the world who, by living it, had gained some understanding of spiritual truth. We all know that the only way by which understanding of spiritual truth can be gained is to live it. That is our opportunity—to live it so that we shall have some understanding of it, so that when the time comes, there will be instruments ready to hand for the Lodge Messenger. It seems as though the thought of the world were everywhere being prepared, and the fixity of its beliefs weakened in every direction, so that, being no longer sure of its old ideas, it may be receptive to new ones. Even the law of gravitation is doubted to-day. Thus, when the next Lodge Messenger comes, there may be a clean slate, and open minds, on which the impression of the Lodge can be stamped. As Madame Blavatsky said, if we hold true to our trust until the Lodge Messenger comes, the world in the next century may be a paradise compared to what it has been.

MR. HARGROVE: Just one word in comment on the address made by the new member of the Executive Committee, Mr. Miller. He mentioned the fact that a meeting (one of many meetings for the purpose) was held last night in this city, to talk war out of existence. May I suggest that the speakers on such occasions are wasting their energies, if only for the simple reason that on this plane, at this stage of evolution, evil is positive and aggressive, while good is negative,—the result being that the world would go sound asleep except for the wickedness that is in it. We are enormously indebted to the really wicked people because they keep us awake. It is not Rajas but Tamas that is the danger. For that reason, war is the only thing that really wakes good people up. The evil people are aggressive all the time.

It is interesting in that connection to notice the immense benefit that Germany is conferring on France. Germany is an everlasting danger. If it were not for that, and for some realization of it, France might become as somnolent as certain other nations,—unnecessary to name.

There is not the slightest danger of war being preached or talked out of existence, because it is a vitally important means to man's salvation. If nothing else were to bring it about, and if nobody else could, the Lodge—whose chief function in life is to prevent people from going so sound asleep as never to wake up again—the Lodge might be compelled to see to it that wars occur. But that, of course, is nonsense. We need only remember that outer events are a precipitation, as it were, of inner events, and that so long as the Black Lodge tries to snatch the souls of men from the White, the White Lodge will fight; in other words, so long as there is war in heaven, there must be war on earth. The only chance the Pacifists have to stop war, is to convert the Black Lodge. To accomplish this, they would need first to convert themselves. It is difficult to think of either achievement as likely. Meanwhile it is for *us* to become more positive, more aggressive, against "the lurking whisperer" within us, and to throw ourselves completely and finally onto the side of the best and highest we know. War will cease when the entire human race has done the same. It is for us to lead the way, following in the footsteps of those who prepared the way for us, and who are, as one of them said, the way, the truth, and the life.

After the standing committees had been discharged with thanks, and the thanks of the Convention had been voted to its officers, the Convention adjourned.

ISABEL E. PERKINS,
Secretary of Convention.
JULIA CHICKERING,
Assistant Secretary of Convention.

LETTERS OF GREETING

ARVIKA, SWEDEN.

To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: This year as every year before, our longing to be present at the Convention must be expressed in our increasing wish, that all, with unselfish hearts, may be carried together and give themselves to the Masters' Cause, so that the way may be prepared for this century's coming Master,—the Master for the world's salvation. While at a long distance we are this day with our hearts and thoughts in your presence.

For the Arvika Branch,
AMY ZETTERQUIST.

AUSSIG, CZECHO-SLOVAKIA.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled in New York: Once again it is my privilege to send our warm fraternal greetings and good wishes to the Convention. Our longing, our hearts are turned to the Masters of Wisdom, and we pray that our gratitude and devotion for all that we have received, may in some degree contribute to strengthen the unity of our hearts and draw them to their hearts.

When the Masters will be viewing us on the day of the Convention, we hope that they will find us ready, as servants loyal unto death, to give them all, and to help them to achieve a complete victory in their war against the Black Lodge.

So we shall receive their blessing which may kindle our spiritual will to white heat, that we shall be one with them as Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Judge and others are.

"Ask and ye shall receive, knock and it shall be opened unto you."

For all Members of the Branch,
HERMANN ZERNDT.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

To the Secretary T.S.: Please convey our greetings to the Convention. Those of us who are compelled to be absent, will be with you in spirit, on this, the most significant event of the year.

HERMAN F. HOHNSTEDT,
President.

DENVER, COLORADO.

To the Secretary T.S.: Members of the Virya Branch send to the Convention their earnest hope that it may in every way fulfil the desires of those who have its interests most at heart.

MARY K. WALLACE,
Secretary.

AYLSHAM, ENGLAND.

To the Secretary T.S.: In the name of the Branch, I am asked to send our warmest greetings to our fellow members, with our most heartfelt wishes and prayers for the success of the Convention—and our very deep gratitude for the help that we receive through the QUARTERLY, the Reports of meetings, and personal letters.

ALICE GRAVES,
Secretary, Norfolk Branch T.S.

Mrs. Bagnell wrote:—I am sure that all of us, who live far from New York and are unable to go to Convention, prepare more and more carefully for it, so that although we cannot be there in person, we may very certainly be there in mind, heart and spirit, closely united with our fellow members, who have the happiness to be there. It seems to me that if we can do this with any degree of thoroughness, we should be able to catch, in our hearts, an echo of the key-note which is sounded at Convention, and so, brooding on it, may be better prepared to receive and understand the full Report of it, when it comes to us in the QUARTERLY.

This last year has been a difficult one, all the world over, and this I think has been especially the case in England, where the conditions prevailing have bred much discontent in men's minds, with increasing unrest and dissatisfaction. Everyone, or almost everyone, seems discouraged and depressed; there is a spirit of "defeatism" abroad, which was entirely absent during the War and is unnatural in Englishmen, who generally fight best when their backs are to the wall. With this sense of discouragement there goes a curious spirit of recklessness, a feeling that as things are so bad it does not matter what anyone does, for nothing could make them worse. This is of course a very darkly painted picture, and does not apply to the best elements in the nation; but it is, in the main, quite correct and I believe applies not only to England but to almost every other nation in Europe, in the present day.

The world seems very sick, and needs help urgently. What therefore is the thing that would help it most, and for those of us who have been Theosophists for years and have known its wonderful power in helping, enlightening, sustaining us, in all trials and difficulties,—the answer must always be Theosophy. . . .

The cornerstone of the T. S. is Brotherhood, a complete unity of heart and soul in all its members; and in Convention we all re-affirm our belief in this, and draw closer together in each succeeding year.

That this may be more than ever the case in our coming Convention is my most ardent wish and prayer.

Miss Bagnell wrote:—We believe and hope that the "Powers that be" will find in the meetings of the Convention a Brotherhood united, harmonious, understanding of *their* purpose, fit to serve as instrument for *their* plan in the world. That is the ideal, and our approximation to it depends on the incessant individual effort of every member. I have in heart a phrase as to "that totality of souls that wait upon the gods"; may that be truly said of us, because lived.

Two days ago I was reading an account of a Prisoners' Aid Society. . . . I found myself wondering to what extent any or each of us are prisoners, "tied and bound" maybe, "with the chain of our sins", imprisoned in a false personality from which we refuse to detach ourselves, or still fettered by conventions which approximate too nearly to the standards of the world. . . .

In the Roman household the children were called free, "liberi", as distinguished from the slaves of the household. So the chêla, who is also a child, has to win his way through to freedom, that he may release others from slavery. In so doing, he begins at last to be of some use to his Master. . . .

I join in heart and intention with all fellow-members "in Convention assembled".

OSLO, NORWAY.

To the Secretary T.S.: Now again the day of Convention is drawing near and our thoughts will be with you. I should like to have a meeting here of all our members on the Convention-day, but I do not know whether that will be practicable. I think that in such a meeting we ought to talk as little as possible, concentrating mind, soul and heart on the proceedings in that little room in New York, reminding us that a few years ago Colonel Knoff was also personally amongst you, and that surely he will be there now, together with our other living dead ones, and that his thoughts will go in love also to every one amongst us. It *is*—so far I can understand—in the *inner* world that our chief work is now going on, we personally being *always* able to partake in this work, while in the outer world perhaps only striving to fulfil our daily duties. If not practical to meet personally on the Convention-day, I trust we shall be occupied with one or another of these duties, remembering the most important of all of them—to place ourselves in the Presence of our Inner God, and listening to the silent voice, that makes our outer nature also beneficent and harmonious. The "power of invocation" will always be a key-note of every Convention in the T. S., I think; and I wish to close this letter by quoting these words from Mr. Charles Johnston's kind letter to us a year ago, viz.: "We must use the magical powers of imagination and will; realizing that we ourselves are an integral part of that world for which we seek the leadership of God-instructed men, we must form in our souls the image of the virtues which we see that the world most needs; we must then evoke the power of the Masters above us, to breathe life into this image within ourselves, to make the virtues real and full of life. We shall thus set in motion a current which, as it grows stronger, will 'induce' a parallel current in the hearts of the world, until they feel the need of God-instructed men to lead them out of the desert."

I am as before writing through you, trusting that you will forward to Mr. Johnston our thanks for his letter, and to all members in Convention assembled our fraternal greetings. There are so many whose names we could wish to mention with thanks, but I am sure they would all ask us to send our thanks to the Great Ones, whose work we are all trying to serve.

HENNING DAHL.

TORONTO, CANADA.

To the Secretary T.S.: The members of Toronto Branch send most fraternal greetings and good wishes to the 1931 Convention.

In these days of turmoil and confusion, to belong to such a body as The Theosophical Society is a great privilege and also a deep obligation.

We know that it rests on a foundation strong and sure because true to its original impulses, and for this we should like to express gratitude to those who labour so devotedly for it and for us less learned ones. We are grateful for the QUARTERLY and other help they give us: for the

example of devotion without which many of us might give up in despair. As they are to us, so must we be to those "who tread their path in darkness". We may be "debarred from flaming like the noon-day sun upon the snow-capped mount of purity eternal", but we may "choose a humbler course" and "point out the way—however dimly and lost among the host": we can try to "give light and comfort to the toiling pilgrim, and seek out him who knows still less than"—we do; as so beautifully expressed in the *Voice*.

Time is passing swiftly on, and ere long the new Messenger will arrive. May it not be that out of the strife and sorrow which surrounds us, there may be born a new desire for Truth, for something dependable, which will mean a wider welcome when he comes?

ALBERT J. HARRIS.

BERLIN-WILMERSDORF, GERMANY.

To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: . . . . What is said in the January "Screen" about Germany is true, only too true. It shall inspire us to a fresh summoning up of our forces, to strengthen our faith in the grace of Masters and the power of right thinking, and to fight for theosophic principles with ever more decisiveness. . . .

On behalf of the Wilmersdorfer Study Class,

OSKAR STOLL.
ALFRED FRIEDEWALD.

RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: Dear Brothers and Sisters, We beg to send you our heartiest greetings and wishes for this year's Convention which no doubt will surpass in depth and strength all previous ones. We shall strive our utmost to feel at one with you in these hours, laying the poor harvest of our last year's endeavours and struggles at the Masters' feet, and opening our hearts to receive the new message which will be given us for another year of fight and—may they grant us—of victory.

LEO SCHOCH.
ELISABETH SCHOCH.

Greatly to the interest and pleasure of the assembled delegates and members, letters of greeting were also read from Mr. W. H. Box, President of the Branch in Los Angeles; Mr. Birger Elwing (Texas); Mr. Otto Ihrke (Germany); Mr. and Mrs. Max Kolb (Germany); Mrs. Hannah Maughan, Secretary of the Branch in South Shields; Mr. William E. Mullinax (Arkansas); Mrs. Antonin Raymond (Japan); Mr. Frederick A. Ross, President of the Branch in Whitley Bay; Miss Jennie B. Tuttle (California); Mr. Acisclo Valedon (Venezuela); Mr. Richard Walther and Mrs. Luise Bethge (Germany); Mr. and Mrs. F. Weber (Germany); Mrs. Rossie Jane Whittle, Secretary of the Branch in Middletown. There was also a cablegram from Mrs. Graves, Mrs. Bagnell and Miss Bagnell; a telegram from Miss Anne Evans, President of the Branch in Denver; and letters from Mr. Othmar Köhler, Secretary, and Mr. Richard Jaeger, Treasurer of the Branch in Czecho-Slovakia.

The Unrealists, by Harvey Wickham; the Dial Press, New York, 1930; price, $3.50.

The late Harvey Wickham believed that most modern philosophers have lost their way in a morass of confused ideas; that they have atrophied their common-sense, although common-sense is only another name for the faculty of recognizing truths which are self-evident. Thus, a normal, healthy person accepts his own existence and the existence of his fellow-mortals as self-evident, nor would it ever occur to him to doubt the existence of the universe within which he and all other entities have their being. The great philosophers of the past were normal and healthy, in the sense that they based their systems upon certain axioms which are instinctively accepted by all sane people, even by those who have never heard of philosophy. But according to Wickham, the modern philosopher is a being set apart. The very word, truth, shocks his sensibilities, and if a truth be self-evident, he shuns it like the plague. Under the circumstances, it is not wonderful that the contemporary literature of metaphysics should leave an impression of incoherence and delirium. In any event, it is a ripe field for a satirist.

Wickham was a satirist of no mean stature, as he proved in *The Impuritans* and *The Misbehaviorists*, the latter being an exposure of the quaint thought-processes of several well-known psychologists. *The Unrealists* is a ferocious onslaught upon modern philosophical systems, and it is a good book to read, in spite of the fact that it has the inevitable defects of its satirical qualities. In his desire to damn everything "modern", Wickham went too far. He failed to recognize the positive contributions of men like James and Bergson to the sum of human knowledge; and this limitation of understanding materially reduces the value of the book as an essay in criticism. But one should not judge satire too solemnly. It is sufficient that Wickham has laid bare the futilities of the modernistic spirit, its defiance of common-sense, and its revolt against the standards of logic and intellectual decency. No one can turn the pages of *The Unrealists* and feel the same awe as before, when the names of Bertrand Russell and John Dewey and Albert Einstein are mentioned.

Wickham recognized that from one point of view the modern philosopher is more to be pitied than blamed, in so far as he is suffering from acute intellectual indigestion. The uprush of science during the past century has had some frightful effects. So many dogmas have been overthrown, so much information or supposed information has been gathered, that the philosopher who tries to correlate the data of the sciences, is unable to assimilate one thing before he is required to swallow another.

The fundamental defect of the modern philosopher is, however, much more serious. As Wickham suggests in several passages, it is egotism. The philosopher reflects and rationalizes the self-satisfaction and self-worship which exist to an appalling degree in all strata of society. The logical metaphysical expression of egotism is solipsism, the doctrine that the personal self is the only reality, and that all other "existences" are figments in its dream of a universe. Solipsism is not unknown in insane asylums, but it is an attested fact that all lunatics are not officially classified as such. Wickham affirms, with good reason, that no one who thinks that he is the only pebble on the beach, can have any sensible ideas about anything. Such a man is unable to profit from his own experience or from the experience of others, for he is forced

by the exigencies of solipsistic logic to deny reality to everything except his personal feelings from moment to moment. Thus we have "the nearest possible approach to the spectacle of a great negation crawling into its hole and dragging the hole in after it. . . . What it means is that he [the solipsist] wants to be the great negation himself—the other than anything which can be named" (p. 218). V. S.

Meditations of a Hermit: The Spiritual Writings of Charles de Foucauld; translated from the French by Charlotte Balfour, with a Preface by René Bazin; published by Benziger Brothers, New York; price, $2.25.

To those who are already familiar with René Bazin's deeply interesting biography, *Charles de Foucauld, Hermit and Explorer*, the present volume of Meditations will, of course, have a special meaning. The life of this extraordinary man can hardly fail to leave a deep impression upon anyone who has followed it; the thought of that lonely figure, moving, hushed and absorbed, among his Trappist brothers; wandering through Palestine, lost in loving contemplation as he passed along the ways that his Master's feet had trod; spending his last years as missionary, quite alone among the nomad tribes in the sun-scorched wastes of the Sahara—these are memories of him which do not easily fade. Charles de Foucauld came of an old and distinguished French family; by birth and inheritance he had everything which the world could give him. Though still young, he had an enviable scientific record; he was an officer in the French Army; he had the affection and admiration of countless friends; but suddenly he found in himself a hitherto unsuspected passion for solitude; an overwhelming desire to be alone with his Master—he felt the call to a life of prayer, and he turned his back upon the world and followed that call. The present volume is a collection of some of his spiritual writings, most of which (though not all) date from that period of his life which was spent in the Holy Land. His meditations usually take the form of intimate colloquy, and not infrequently he adopts the methods of St. Ignatius: "I will look in imagination upon the persons in the mystery I am meditating." The result with him appears to have been an intensely vivid realization of actual presences, of past events revived.

He strove with everything that was in him to realize his ideal of discipleship; to be interiorly alone with his Master at all times and under all conditions, yet to work constantly for the betterment of the world, for his Master's sake. Curiously enough, with all his ardour, his years of unstinting labour, his passionate desire for the conversion of "infidels", Charles de Foucauld did not make a single convert to his religion, in any practical sense; but while many students of Theosophy are not in sympathy with the missionary effort to change the religion of people already having a well-established religion of their own, into which they have, by the laws of Karma, been born, nevertheless, as we read, it becomes increasingly evident (especially in the Béni-Abbès and Tamanrasset days) that this courageous and solitary man was a most vital, spiritual link between France and her African colonies; he was the spiritual interpreter of his country to the wandering tribes—the "poor" of the Great Sahara Desert; and there are many living there to-day who remember him with deepest respect for his holiness and goodness, and who still talk of him in gratitude because of what he did for them while he lived his simple, hermit's life in their midst. T. D.

A Château at the Front 1914–1918, by the Marquise de Foucault; Houghton Mifflin Company, 1931; price, $4.00.

Here is another record of the Great War written by a French woman who refused to leave her home because of danger. Like Baronne Ernest de la Grange in her delightful book, *Open House in Flanders*, the Marquise de Foucault tells us of her daily experiences: how at the time of the 1914 invasion, the Germans swept over her and then receded; how French troops were billeted in her beautiful château of Pronleroy, and how French officers came and went and came again; of how, realizing their need, she did all she could to give them refreshment and the sense of home, for which, in the midst of their terrible experiences, they were so grateful to her; how air raids and bombardments shook the old buildings to their foundations; of how General Mangin himself had his Headquarters there. Pronleroy is in Picardy, and situated

not quite half way between Compiègne and Amiens, in a direct line south of Montdidier, and it was from here (as a tablet in the courtyard records) that General Mangin "launched on July 11, 1918, the counter attack of Méry-Courcelles, the first victorious offensive of the French Armies in 1918, which halted the march of the German Armies upon Compiègne." The second half is much the best part of the book; it is full of dramatic incidents, exceedingly well told, for they are records hot from the pen, as it were—records dashed off almost at the moment these incidents took place, and often without at all realizing what the events signified.

The Marquise de Foucault is, of course, intensely royalist, but above all else, she is a daughter of France to whom every inch of the soil of France is sacred, and she played her own courageous part in preserving the sacredness of that soil, by her unflinching refusal to leave her home when the worst dangers threatened, and when everyone advised her to go. When General Mangin's Headquarters was moved, and he bid her good-bye, he said: "I cannot tell you, madame, the joy I feel in finding my way into a house during war-time where *life goes on* . . . in fighting for people who are faithful to their posts, instead of for ruins and fugitives." This book will give any reader an excellent idea of what daily life in a château at the front was like. The translation, save for certain curious mistakes, is good.

T. D.

Victoriana, by Osbert Sitwell and Margaret Barton.

If there be conscientious students of Theosophy who feel it their duty to plumb the modern mind to its depths, and who are not satiated with the depths already reached, we suggest this book as probably supplying the mud at the bottom. We have not read it. It was not sent to us for review. We are totally unwilling to spend $3.00 or 3 cents for further acquaintance with what we already know as much about as we can stand. We judge it solely on the basis of a notice sent us by a "high-toned" New York bookseller, whose appraisal, in this case, we accept unquestioningly. He writes: "In *Victoriana*, Osbert Sitwell and Margaret Barton have collected a number of the more stupefying idiocies by the more eminent Victorians, such as Carlyle's 'There is a perennial nobleness, and even a sacredness in Work', and similar pronouncements by others including Gladstone, Arnold, Ruskin, Palmerston, Bishop Wilberforce and the Great Queen Herself. Max Beerbohm has contributed a characteristic frontispiece in colour."

Well, well,—on second thoughts it sounds surprisingly familiar. There were Lemurian and then Atlantean small boys who tried to shock their elders, as a certain type of small boy always will. "Mother, I *hate* God", need not leave us prostrate. Much of so-called modernism is just that and no more. It springs from the same desire: to occupy the centre of the stage, to appear important, above all, to appear *dangerous*. Superficially there seems to be more of this to-day among grown people than there used to be; on the other hand, at no time in the history of the world has self-advertizing been so easy,—or so profitable financially; so it may be that human nature has not changed after all, and that these "bright young things", whether grey-haired or actually juvenile, have always existed and (in Kali Yuga) always will, and that we should be spared any knowledge of them if it were not for the Press,—which we suggest as another sound argument for its immediate abolition. Seriously, what a comparatively peaceful place the world would be if it were not for the newspapers.

T.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 360.—*What is the difference between a mystic and an occultist?*

ANSWER.—Though the mystic and the occultist follow different methods as they travel along the Path that leads to the Eternal, the difference is one of shading, of colouring, of temperament, of type of consciousness rather than a hard and fast distinction. The mystic is inspired, primarily, by love; the occultist by zeal for knowledge. But he who loves the Divine, and he who knows it, differ but little: for he who knows, loves; and he who loves, will know. G. M. W. K.

ANSWER.—The word mystic is derived from the Greek *mystēs*, an initiate, or one who contemplates the Reality behind the veil of appearances. The word occultist—from the Latin *occultus*—signifies one who is adept in the hidden or concealed science. The terms are, therefore, essentially synonymous. In general usage, however, occultism seems to denote an advanced stage of initiation or mystical consciousness. The occultist is not merely an aspirant. He is versed in spiritual science and has full use and control of "the psychical powers latent in man." S. V.

ANSWER.—An occultist is *ipso facto* a mystic; a mystic, as the word is now generally understood, is not necessarily, or even often, an occultist, in the true sense of the term. The difference, moreover, is so great, that it may truly be said to be not merely a difference of degree, but of kind—in much the same way that man is an animal, but with so much added as to become virtually another type of being. Madame Blavatsky defined an occultist in *The Theosophical Glossary* as follows: "One who studies the various branches of occult science. The term is used by the French Kabbalists (See Eliphas Lévi's works). Occultism embraces the whole range of psychological, physiological, cosmical, physical, and spiritual phenomena. From the word *occultus*, hidden or secret. It therefore applies to the study of the *Kabbalah*, astrology, alchemy, and all arcane sciences." It is an axiom of occultism that one must live the life really to know, so that the very ability to comprehend the occult sciences presupposes a rigorously ascetic life leading to complete self-mastery. Mystics, apparently, in ancient times, meant practically the same thing as occultists, because, as H. P. B. wrote in *Isis* (I. xliii), they were "Those initiated"; but: "In the mediæval and later periods" it became a term for those "who believed in a direct interior communion with God, analogous to the inspiration of the prophets." Since, therefore, "Knowledge is power", a mystic, however ascetic and saintly his life, lacks what the occultist attains—knowledge, which gives him power both to be and to do. Many of the best known mediæval mystics would have turned from occult studies with horror as savouring of the devil. One of the aims of students of Theosophy is to distinguish between genuine and false occult knowledge. Q.

ANSWER.—The term "mystic" is usually applied, in the West at least, to the Christian mystics. The difference between a mystic, as thus defined, and an occultist, is analogous to that between a saint and a chêla. Jacob Boehme is an example of this difference. According to H. P. B., he was "a natural born clairvoyant of most wonderful powers", and "a thorough born mystic", but not an occultist. G. H. M.

QUESTION NO. 361.—*What is the karmic result of the humanitarian for himself and those he is serving, if his motive be unselfish and in conformity with his highest light?*

ANSWER.—The fact that an act is performed in accordance with one's "highest light", does not necessarily prove that the motive which prompts the act is unselfish, because with many of us, alas, our highest light is often of a very low order indeed, and our motives in consequence, far from what we think them. In *The Occult World* we read: "Perhaps you will better appreciate our meaning when told that in our view the highest aspirations for the welfare of humanity become tainted with selfishness if, in the mind of the philanthropist, there lurks the shadow of a desire for self-benefit or a tendency to do injustice, even when these exist unconsciously to himself." But there is another side to the question. Because a motive is unselfish (granted that it *is* so), it does not follow that the act is therefore a *wise* act. One could perhaps imagine a humanitarian who had reached a high state of selflessness, but who possessed little discrimination. Result: the karmic effects of his unselfish motive would probably be favourable "for himself and those he was serving", while the karmic effects of his lack of discrimination might be disastrous. In the great Law of Karma there appear to be wheels within wheels. Yet a further question may arise: Is it possible really to be unselfish and, at the same time, to lack discrimination? Is not wisdom implicit in true selflessness? But that may be left for "another chapter". T. A.

ANSWER.—It is true that we are told it is motive that counts, but we are also told that right motive is not enough, that with it there must be intelligence, insight, and understanding. The highest light of the average person, as a rule, is not illumined by these qualities; there is, usually, merely an unswerving determination to "do good" to some one, whether he wants it or not, and at whatever cost in time, trouble, and expense; the greater the cost in these ways, the more "unselfish" it is. Sometimes, this is interference, pure and simple.

Assume that the humanitarian interferes in a case of illness, and by sheer force effects a physical cure. What does he know of the hidden, inner causes of which the physical illness is merely an outer expression? What does he know of the opportunity which this illness presents to the individual in question to recognize a lesson in cause and effect, to learn on the inner planes? Unless the humanitarian possesses a high degree of intelligence and spiritual understanding, and exercises them in conjunction with the purely physical cure, the result will be interference with karmic law, the growth and development of the one he has tried to help will be delayed, and he himself will inevitably be involved in the future working out of that individual's personal karma. C. R. A.

ANSWER.—The humanitarian whose motive is unselfish and who follows the highest light he knows, undoubtedly will earn the right to know better and, so deserving, will be given the opportunity of learning how to work for humanity more intelligently and with a knowledge of the existence of the law of karma. Surely the Great Lodge of Masters would want to make use of his unselfish desire despite what must have been, though unconscious, frequent interference on his part with the karma of those whom he served, probably often resulting in making it necessary for them to go through some phase of their karma again. G. M. W. K.

ANSWER.—If by "humanitarian" be meant one who is interested solely in physical and material "betterment" to the exclusion of the spiritual, it is obvious that his present highest light is regrettably inadequate. However, the karmic result of acting in conformity with one's highest light is always to be shown a higher and better light. One who honestly and unselfishly tries to help others according to his best vision, will, when mistaken, in time be shown his mistake. The desire to relieve physical suffering is something that everyone ought to feel, and may mark an advance over callousness and indifference. It becomes harmful when it obstructs, or is permitted to blind one to, Life's true purpose, the development of character. In that case, in addition to more serious harm, it defeats its own end, and, sooner or later, increases the suffering it sought to alleviate. J. F. B. M.